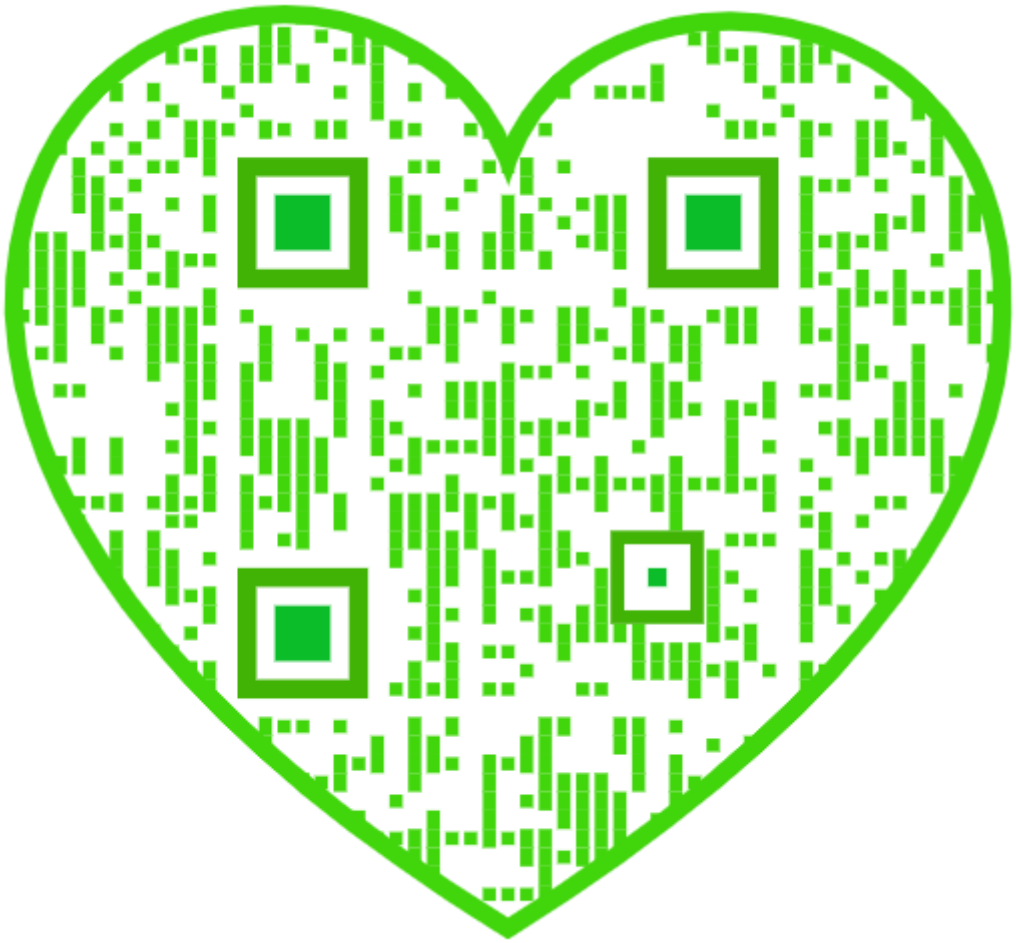

MEDITATIONS OF ANTONINUS.

THE MEDITATIONS

OF

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS,

WITH THE

MANUAL OF EPICTETUS,

AND A

SUMMARY OF CHRISTIAN MORALITY.

Freely Translated from the Original Greek,

BY

HENRY M'CORMAC, M.D.

Οὐκ εἰμὶ ἄξιος ἐμαυτὸν λυπεῖν· ἐδὲ γὰρ
ἄλλον πώποτε ἐκὼν ἐλύπησα.
Marci Antonini, lib. viii.

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PREFACE.

WHO was Antoninus, an emperor—Epictetus who, a slave? Earnest, just, they tried, with what success, to benefit the world. They urged the purest motives in language the most forcible—enough, persuasion sat upon their lips, truth upon their tongues.

If we are not all we ought, let us be all we can; if we fail in being so good as we should, shall at least be the better for having striven. Yes, the time shall yet be, when man will sit under the shadow of the tree of life and hope to come.

The body is but an instrument for building up the soul; shall we make our real welfare subservient to its wants and weaknesses? If not wholly indifferent to its claims, to outward attractions and solicitations, let us at least not forget the higher aim, the better part.

Life quickly fleets away, the body dies, but the soul lives; we shall then see what will come of having acted as Christ taught, as Socrates was.

The particulars of the life of the philosophic and philanthropic emperor M. A. Antoninus, are well known and readily accessible. Of Epictetus little is recorded, further than that while as to his body he was a slave, as to his mind he was free. In conformity with the usual and commendable practice, the beautiful, though occasionally somewhat stern maxims of the Porch, have been contrasted with the sublime and spiritual precepts of Christianity; they are not, however, opposed. The Meditations, ΤΩΝ ΕΙΣ ΈΑΥΤΟΝ, are from a Leipsic edition of 1775, with Gataker's emendations; the Manual, ΕΓΧΕΙΡΙΔΙΟΝ, by Schwebel, bears the same imprint, and nearly the same date. Notes and comments from Simplicius and others, were prepared, but rejected as superfluous. As to the translation, the spirit rather than the letter has been adhered to, and as a whole it is hoped will not prove unacceptable to the lovers of a lofty and unadulterated morality.

MEDITATIONS OF ANTONINUS.

BOOK I.

FROM Verus, my grandfather, I gained truthfulness and an even soul; my father's fame and memory served to engender a modest yet manly bearing; my mother instilled piety, generosity, a dislike to do or even to think any ill, as well as aversion towards the usages of the rich.

My great-grandfather made me avoid the schools, preferring able teachers at home, rewarding them liberally; my governor also, led me to eschew horse-racing, and the public shews; to be patient of want and toil, as well as to abjure slander and intermeddling.

Diognetus advised me to avoid trifling, to shun impostors, and those who pretended to expel demons by a charm; not to rear fighting quails; to put up with contradiction, and to apply myself to philosophy. I owe to him the advantage of hearing Bacchius, Tandacides, and Marcianus. He caused me to write discourses when a boy; to lie on a skin-covered couch, and to live after the fashion of the Greeks.

Rusticus helped me to amend my temper, to avoid sophisms, haranguing the mob, make-believe, and needless asceticism; to shun rhetorical and poetical displays, as well as all undue anxiety on the score of language or attire. He was for a plain and homely diction, as displayed in the letters from Sinuessa to my mother. By his advice I was easily reconciled to those who had offended me, so soon as they evinced a desire to be restored to favour; learned to study with attention, and to look into things

without being led aside by the talkative. To him also do I owe having met with the writings of Epictetus, which he gave me.

To Apollonius I owe freedom, a mind raised above doubt, and bent on truth alone; to endure pain, loss of offspring, and disease. He was a living example of one who could both give way or stand firm; and who never lost his temper while teaching, though it was plain he set no store by this great virtue. From him I likewise learned to receive a favour without forfeiting my self-respect, or proving ungrateful to a friend.

By Sextus I was taught good-nature and unaffected gravity; to manage household affairs; to regulate my mind according to nature; to cherish my friends; to put up with the rash and unthinking, and to exhibit kindness to all, without impeachment to myself; to regulate life by maxims of wisdom and truth, without anger, ill-will, or indifference towards any one; to bestow favours without ostentation, and to display learning without vanity.

Alexander the grammarian induced me to avoid needless fault-finding; if I had occasion to address those who spoke incorrectly, not to take them up harshly, but to set them right in some kind obliging fashion.

From Fronto I came to know that envy, cunning, and hypocrisy are fruits of tyranny; and that those of noble birth are too often void of natural feeling.

Alexander the Platonist insisted that I should neither say nor write that I was not at leisure, thus unnecessarily to evade the duties of my life and station.

Catullus led me not to cast off a friend on the score of a little harshness, even when he had no plea for it, but rather to try and lead him back to the same kindly feelings as before; like Domitius and Athenodotus, to speak handsomely of my instructors—and as for my children, to foster them with loving care.

From Severus, my brother, I learned to cherish friends and relatives, but with justice and propriety; also to know Thrasea, Helvidius, Cato, Dion, and Brutus. He made me familiar with the conception of a commonwealth where justice was open to all, and of a monarchy where the liberty of the subject was held in esteem. From him I came to set value on a life devoid of care; to have a regard for philosophy and correctness of conduct, to be generous, to hope ever, to question friendship never; lastly, to be open and above-board, so that those about me could have no doubt as to my intentions.

I managed at the instance of Maximus, to be ruffled at nothing, whether sick or well; to hold an even course, yet good-natured and obliging withal; never uneasy whatever befel; in fine, so to demean myself, that all might believe I spoke but as I thought, and acted only for the best. He insisted that I should neither be amazed nor disconcerted; that I should neither hurry nor delay; be put out or cast down; equally devoid of anger and distrust; ready with a good turn as apt to forgive an ill one; to hold fast by the truth, and to be an example of living worth. He was one towards whom people never felt a grudge, or had the heart to think themselves his betters; lastly, there was no mock affability about him.

From my father I gained sobriety and unwavering firmness; to hold honours cheap; to be patient and constant at work; to listen to proposals touching the common good; to be influenced by no one further than his deserts warranted; to know when to relax and when to exert myself; to have no impure connections; to be easy-tempered with those about me, whether abroad or at home; to be strenuous at the council-board, and abide by what was resolved upon; to hold by my friends without being ruffled with them at one time or making a needless fuss at another; in all things to be true to myself, of good cheer, looking

calmly forward, and taking heed even of trifles. I learned of him to put down noise and flattery; to give close heed to business; to be chary as to outlay, and not to mind a rub on the score of it; to worship God without dread or fear; not to lure people by gifts or flattery, but steadfast and even, without over remissness or running after novelties; to use without abusing the gifts of fortune; to enjoy what I had, without regretting what I had not; to be plain and open, without affecting either learning or subtlety; and without being fooled or flattered, alike able to govern others and myself. He taught me to value philosophers, without disdaining those who were not; to be affable and easy of approach, but without familiarity; to look to my bodily welfare, yet not as one unduly fond of life, over studious of elegance, or wholly indifferent; and so to manage as to have little occasion for drugs or doctors. And I was to yield unbiassed praise to those who displayed any science or skill, whether in law, eloquence, or history, yet to adhere without affectation to the customs of my country, without deserting my post or business. From him I learned to have few secrets, and then only as concerned the commonwealth; to be sparing in the matter of shews and spectacles; to lose no time at the bath, or concern myself about building, eating, the staple of my clothes, or the appearance of my servants; in fine, to be calm, considerate, true, and after the example of Socrates, to refrain from things which are rarely partaken of with moderation.

I have to thank God for a good father, mother, and other kind relatives; through his mercy, likewise, that I never occasioned them uneasiness. I have also to return thanks that I was not left in charge of my grandfather's mistress, and that I spent a youth untainted by debauchery. I owe it to my father that I was able to eschew pomp and shew; to proceed to court without the customary display,

and wear an every-day demeanour, without failing towards the common weal. I am grateful for a brother who by his conduct and affection contributed to my happiness and improvement; also for children neither stupid nor maimed; that I was not carried away by rhetorical, poetical, or other studies, in which success would have proved a stumbling-block; that I was able to further the prospects of my dependants in the way they most desired; that I became acquainted with Apollonius, Rusticus, and Maximus, and that through God's assistance and my own endeavours, I lived a life conformable to nature. I have to acknowledge how well this body of mine has served my purposes; that I had no infamous addictions; and when assailed by any foolish fondness, that a few days has served to free me from it; that having fallen out with Rusticus, I never went so far as to have to repent it; that although my mother died young, she spent her last days with me; that when I wished to relieve some suffering object, I never wanted means; and lastly, that I never had to ask succour of another.

I thank God for a wife—loving, kind, and true; that I was able to bring up my children properly, and that I thought of remedies in a dream for headache and spitting of blood, at Caita: in fine, when I betook myself to philosophy, that I did not fall into the hands of the sophists, or lose time with commentaries, word-splitting, or natural philosophy; all which I owe to the goodness of God, and my own rare fortune.

BOOK II.

Thus bethink thee in the morn: this day perchance thou mayest encounter some graceless unprincipled fellow.

True, but it is his ignorance of good and ill. Thou knowest what is good and what is ill—is not he who would hurt thee akin, as regards his body, and also his soul, that God-given portion, which he holds in common with thyself? He cannot harm thee if he would, for how can what is base, harm thee? Therefore bear not anger or hatred towards thy fellow. Like the parts of our frame, we are born for mutual aid; to oppose is to fly in the face of nature, and what else is it to scorn or hate?

What am I—body and soul? Put away thy books—puzzle no more. Despise this flesh, even as one about to die; what is it but blood and bones, a network of nerves, veins, and arteries? What is life—a breath, never the same, drawn in at one time, forced out at another? Bethink thee of thy soul, now thou art grown old, and let it slave no more: study the common good, and satisfied with the present, cease to dread the future.

All things betray the foreknowledge of God: even chance itself, comes under the bond of providence. Hence the necessity of events, and their utility in that universe of which thou art part. Nature brings forth nothing in vain; by the mutations of the elements is the world upheld. Let these truths suffice; abate thy rage for books; do not expire a grumbler, but joyfully confide in God.

Think how long thou hast put off, how often missed the opportunities which have been furnished thee. Reflect what sort of world thou art part of, and on the ruler to whom thou owest thy being: that thou hast an apportioned time, which if thou dost not fitly improve, will quickly fleet away, thyself along with it, never to return.

Let this be thy strenuous care, that the business in hand be done as becomes a man and a Roman, with unaffected constancy, humanity, justice, freedom. Put away every opposing thought, act as if it were the last of thy

days, devoid of rashness, folly, deception, or self-love, and without aversion towards thy destined lot. Thou seest how few the things are which if any one will abide by, he may lead a just and pious life, and ask no more.

Shame upon thee, O my soul: in a very little the time wherein thou hast to right thyself, will be no more, for brief is the space allotted to all. Thy life is almost at a close, yet dost ask the applause of others rather than thine own.

Be not distracted by what is without, but gain a little leisure to learn something good. Wander no more: waste not in trifles the time that wears fast away, without an object for thy thoughts and strivings.

A man is not necessarily unhappy for not attending to the soul of another; but he is certainly so who is regardless of his own.

Think of thy relations with nature and its parts—that no mortal man can hinder thee from thinking and acting in conformity.

Theophrastes speaking of popular errors, observes that those arising from desire are worse than those which flow from anger: the angry man yields to a species of compulsion, whereas he who sins from appetite is abandoned to his lusts. The distinction is just. To sin from pleasure is surely worse than to err from pain; here the man is, as it were, forced into it, but led by desire, he goes astray from the first.

Think and act just as if thou wert about to quit the world. If there be a God, he will harm thee not; otherwise a Godless world were not worth living in. But there is indeed, a God—a providence which has a care over man, which shields him from every real calamity; for if what we esteem misfortunes had been so in reality, then should we have been gifted with the means of avoiding them. Such do not make a man worse or render his life so: it was owing neither to ignorance nor want

of skill, that good and ill so equally befal the virtuous and the wicked. Life and death, glory and disgrace, pain and pleasure, riches and poverty, are alike the lot of all; but as these in themselves are neither good nor ill, so neither should they be esteemed so.

Things and the memory of them quickly pass away. Thus is it with objects of sense which allure us by their seductive sweets, or deter us by the infliction of pain. How mean and despicable, how perishable are they! Who and what are they whose voices confer renown? What is it to die! If we will only look at it apart from the frightful mask which fancy has imposed, we shall see that death is natural after all; and he who dreads the course of nature, in which every thing is for good, is a child. We have but to consider our relation to God, to whom we owe our being, and how we shall appear when the union of soul and body is no more.

What more wretched than to wander hither and thither diving into other people's thoughts, unaware that we are born to cherish our souls within, free alike from rashness and passion, and all repining at the conduct of God or man? What comes at the hand of God can only challenge our admiration—of man, our forbearance. The ignorant who know not black from white—good from ill, deserve our compassion alone.

Wert to live a thousand or ten thousand years, thou couldst lose no other life than thine own. The shortest life and the longest is on a par; for the present is the same to all, and what is lost is the same to all. No one can give up the past or the future, he can only lose what he has. Things indeed, are alike throughout all time, and come round afresh; so that it matters little whether a man stand gazing a hundred or a couple hundred years, the present is all he has to spare.

If we are to agree with Monimus, everything is matter

of opinion. This assertion carries truth along with it, but must not be pushed too far.

The soul becomes little better than a wen or eating sore, when it repines at the course of events; when it would inflict injury on another; when it is overcome with pleasure or pain; when it gives utterance to what is untrue; lastly, when its acts devoid of aim and object, are rash and purposeless. Our undertakings should ever be directed to an end; now the end of a thinking being is to abide by the regulations of the universe.

Existence is a point, being fugitive, perception obscure, the body prone to decay, the soul changeable, the future uncertain, fortune fickle; in a word, material things stream away, thought is like smoke, fame forgetfulness, life a war, a dream, a lingering in a foreign land! What then is best fitted to bring us safely onward—wisdom alone. This it is which will keep the divinity within free from dross or stain, superior to pleasure or pain, rashness or deceit; no ways dependant on what others do or fail in doing, or at variance with the providence whence it is derived. And more especially will it reconcile us to death, which is but a separation of the elements of which every creature is composed. If there be nothing appalling in the mutation of a part, why should it be so when the whole is loosened and changed: for it comes from that nature from which only what is good can spring?

BOOK III.

It is well to think that with each day a portion of life wears away, and that what remains becomes less and less;

we are not even certain that our understandings will prove equal to our relations with God and man. For if the mind once fail, we may live and breathe indeed, indulge our notions and our appetites, but are no longer able to transact the real business of life, or know when it is time to take leave of the world. Therefore let us hasten on, not merely because death is at hand, but because our faculties often fail before the close.

Things that are natural, are never without a certain grace and excellence. The cracks and rents of a well-baked loaf induce a desire to partake of it; so likewise the cleft fig, the luscious olive, the spiked grain, the rugged lion's brow, and foaming boar, though far from beautiful themselves, evince a sort of comeliness in virtue of their accordance with nature. Now, to him who has sense and feeling to penetrate into the whole, there is hardly anything which will not prove a source of satisfaction and delight. The savage brute with yawning jaws, will please him not less than its counterpart by painters and statuaries; his chaste eyes will behold with equal satisfaction the bloom of youth and the decorous maturity of age, not to mention other things readily experienced by him who loves nature and her works.

Hippocrates removed many diseases, but sickened and died at last; the Chaldeans foretold the deaths of others, yet not the less met their own. Alexander, Pompey, Cæsar, who overwhelmed their cities and their thousands, were forced to depart. Heraclites, who scribbled about the burning of the world, perished swoln with water; Democrites was carried off by lice, Socrates by vermin of another kind. Thou hast stepped on board, hast weighed anchor and sailed, finished thy voyage, and entered the haven at last. If into another life God will be with thee; but if into nothing, thou wilt feel nothing, be harrassed

by pleasure or pain, a slave to thy senses no more. Is not the soul above the body which it inhabits: one spirit and thought, the other earth and clay?

Spend not the remnant of thy days in foreign concerns unless the general welfare require it. Think if thou wilt on what another is saying and doing, and meanwhile neglect thy own soul. We are called on to avoid whatever is alien to our better part; to shun malice and curiosity; in a word, to place such a check on our thoughts, that if any one were to ask us what they were, we could then and there declare them: so that it might be seen that all was plain and simple, free from envy and suspicion, or anything we might blush to own. He who can act thus, becomes in a measure a minister of and fellow-worker with God, and so arranges the temple of his breast, as to remain untainted by pleasure, unhurt by pain, superior to reproach or injury, a victor in the glorious struggle with the passions, imbued with justice, resigned to providence, never mingling in the concerns of others, unless with a view to the public good, intent on business and the post which God assigns him, acting for the best and satisfied with his lot. He remembers that every rational being is akin, that the duty of humanity is to have a care for man; and fondly desires the approbation of those who act up to the dignity of their nature, those whose conduct will bear inspection at home or abroad, by night and by day, alone and in society. As for the rest, he does not esteem the praise of those who do nothing for which they can praise themselves.

Never overlook the common interests of thy race. It is needless to set thyself forth with pomp and circumstance, to talk overmuch, or undertake too many things. Enough if thou dost prove a man and a Roman, ready to quit the world when God shall call, meanwhile cheerful and resigned without other aid than thine own.

If thou dost find aught in life preferable to truth, justice, temperance, fortitude, in a word, submission to the dictates of reason and providence, turn to it with all thy heart, and make the most of it. But if nothing prove superior to a soul in which the passions and appetites are subdued, and the value of appearances sifted, in which as Socrates would urge, there is entire submission to providence and perfect devotion to humanity, if all things appear vile and despicable in comparison, yield place to nothing else; for if thou dost once give way, thou wilt never be able to regain what is thy due again. What in truth, is fit to usurp the place of thy rational welfare: wealth, power, popular applause, or animal enjoyment, if suffered, will quickly gain the mastery and hurry thee away. Freely and unhesitatingly then, select what is best, and cling resolutely to it, for what is best is most profitable. If it seem so to thy reason, hold it fast; but if only to thy appetite, cast it away. Keep thy judgment cool, therefore, that thou mayest draw just conclusions unbiassed by appearances.

Set a value on nothing that may impeach thy good faith, impair thy modesty, lead thee to bear suspicion, to hate, to curse, to wear a mask, or to desire concealment. He to whom purity of soul is above all things, needs no tragedy shew, no groans, no secret retirement, nor open display: he neither dreads nor desires death; feels no concern how long his soul may have to make use of his body, and when needful, departs with grace and decency. His only care while living is to avoid failing in aught incumbent on a thinking and social being.

There is nothing corrupt or deceitful in a chaste and purified mind, nothing servile, or hidden; neither can fate surprise its possessor ere his part be performed and his work be done.

Revere thy soul; see that thou dost hold nothing in opposition to nature or revolting to a rational being.

Draw no rash conclusions; therefore, be kindly with thy fellows, and obedient to God.

Abandon the rest, think but of this, that the present alone is thine, the past being gone, the future altogether uncertain. For short is life to each, and small the spot on which it flits away. The longest renown is brief, while they who hand it down, quickly disappear, alike ignorant of themselves and those who went before.

Inquire into what strikes the imagination, examine its parts and naked proportions. Nothing is better calculated to nurture magnanimity than to decide correctly on the various occurrences of life, their utility in this world and relation to the next. Let us ascertain what it is that affects the mind; how it is constituted; how long it may last; what virtues it is fitted to display—what meekness—what courage, truth, good-faith, simplicity, modesty. Whatever happens let us be able to say of it—this is from heaven; that, the allotment of fortune—this from friend or relative, ignorant perchance of what is due. But I am not so; therefore, shall I conform to the laws of God and man; as for other matters I shall esteem them for what they are worth.

If thou wilt submit to reason and work with vigour and alacrity, without any side bias, and with a soul pure and untainted as if thou wert about to surrender it to him who gave it, alike untroubled by hopes or fears, performing thy duty agreeably to nature and to truth, thou must needs live happily; now in these none can hinder thee.

Be like healers of the sick, whose implements are ever at hand, always prepared with maxims human and divine, duly recollecting that both are in unison. Thou canst not perform thy duty to man if thou dost fail towards God, or to God, if thou dost break faith with man.

Wander no more; thou wilt never peruse thy commentaries again, the deeds of the Greeks and Romans who are

gone, or the memorials which thou has stored up against old age. Hasten to the close; put away vain hopes; now if ever, help thyself, if thou carest to do so, for thou hast the power.

They wist not in how many senses the words to sow, to steal, to buy, to be at rest, to do, may be taken. This comes not of the eyes of the body, but rather from those of the soul.

To the body belong the senses, to the soul the passions, to the understanding the decisions that govern life. The first we share with the brute, the second with such skulking objects as Phalaris and Nero, deniers of providence, traitors to their kind. But the distinction of the virtuous man is to obey the dictates of his understanding, to make the most of his lot, to maintain pure, unpolluted, and calm, the divinity within, free from obtrusive fancies, and with unflinching regard for what is just and true. But even if it were denied that modesty, simplicity, and tranquillity alone actuated him, he would never take it amiss, but pursue the path of life with peace, calmness, and resignation.

BOOK IV.

A MIND conformable to nature, is prepared for whatever happens, and adjusts itself to the emergency. No ways solicitous about the event, it takes matters with a reservation, and turns obstacles to account: like a mighty flame that consumes fuel which would extinguish a smaller one.

Whatever thou doest let it evoke thy utmost skill.

Some, thyself among the rest, affect the country, the shores of the sea, or the lonely mountain; folly all—may

not a man retire as often as he will: where is the spot more secluded than the recesses of the breast? But this is only to be obtained in a well-ordered mind; refresh thyself often therein. Dost gloom at the misconduct of mankind, recollect that rational beings were born to aid each other—to forbear is but justice—unwittingly they stray. How many have spent their lives in hatred, broils, suspicions, now they are consumed and away—cease then, I pray. Art displeased with the management of the universe. Now providence rules or chance; and how many things clearly prove that the world is governed even as a city, by God. Possibly the body frets thee. For all this thy mind is thine own, and whether impressions be gentle or otherwise, it concerns thee not—for what of pleasure, what of pain? Art goaded by hopes of renown; yet think how soon all things shall be steeped in forgetfulness, the ocean of eternity, on either side of time, the emptiness of praise, the fickleness of those who bestow it, and the narrow spot to which it is confined. For what is earth but a point, how small a corner is occupied, who and what are they who are about to cry thee up? Now do not fail to withdraw into thyself; avoid struggling and distraction; be unembarrassed, free; and look upon things as a man, a citizen, and a creature about to die. Bethink thee first that occurrences do not reach the soul, but stand motionless without, unless we yield them access by the opinions which we form of them; next, that what thou seest is presently going to alter and be no more. Reflect on the changes which thou hast witnessed: now the world is made up of change, life of opinion.

If intelligence be our portion, so is the reason which tells us what we are to do, and what not to do. Therefore, are we under a bond; therefore citizens of one city, for there is none other—the universe. From the same do we derive our understanding, our reason, our rule of

life. Just as our mortal part springs from the soil to which it returns—for as nothing comes from nothing, or to nothing returns, so the soul returns to the Maker that gave it.

Birth and death are nature's mysteries: one joins, the other disjoins. There is nothing in either opposed to reason, or of which we have to be ashamed.

That people should act in such wise is but matter of necessity. To wish it otherwise, were to expect figs bereft of juice. In a very little thou wilt be no more, and not so much as thy name will remain.

Alter opinion, and thy complaint is at an end: cancel complaint, and thy trouble is no more.

That which does not make a man worse does not render his life so, and inflicts no injury within or without.

If nature act as she does, it is for good alone.

If thou wilt look into it thou wilt see that whatever happens is for the best, not merely as regards the course, but the fitness of events, as from one who awards according to desert. Be watchful then, and act up to thy convictions in all things.

If any one slander thee, afford him no scope for his imputations, but abide by what is just and true.

Embark in no undertaking that reason and the interests of others do not sanction. Further, change at the instance of a friend, whenever the requirements of justice and humanity, not merely those of self-indulgence and vainglory, shall suggest.

Hast understanding? 'Tis well: turn it to account; what wouldst thou more?

For a little thou dost stand forth, but soon shalt vanish whence thou camest, into the creative intelligence by which thou wast begotten.

Like frankincense upon the altar, some are consumed early, others late; but late or early 'tis all the same.

Do but abide by the decisions of reason and truth, and those who hold thee a wild beast or an ape, will treat thee as one divine.

Don't go about as if a thousand years were before thee, for death is at hand: live then while thou mayest, be good, while thou canst.

What leisure he procures who gives himself no trouble about what others say, or think, or do; but without turning to the right hand or the left, concerns himself only with what is holy, just, and true.

He who is anxious for after fame, should reflect that not only his admirers, but those who succeed them, must shortly die, till names handed down by perishing generations are heard no more. But grant that both should survive for a time, what would it concern thee living or dead? Meanwhile thou dost neglect what nature has placed at thy disposal, to grasp at a shadow.

Whatever in art or nature is beautiful, is so of itself: praise renders it no better, censure no worse, than they would justice, truth, benevolence, honour. Does gold shine, or the diamond glitter aught the better for thy eulogies?

If souls live on, how has space contained them from eternity—or how has the soil afforded room for the bodies laid therein? Materials changed, dissolved, make way for more; so spirits changed, rekindled, and received afresh into the principle of life, prepare for new associates. How many creatures are consumed as food, yet the stomach, through this their conversion, comes to require fresh aliment. Now this is the truth, and the way to distinguish that which is, from that which seems.

Wander not, but let thy deeds be just, thy motives pure.

Whatever is agreeable to thee, O universe, is likewise so to me. Nothing is too early, nothing too late which is timely to thee. All which thou bearest in thy seasons, O

nature, are fruits to me: for everything is from thee, and in thee, and to thee. As some would exclaim, O city, beloved of Cecrops; but wilt thou not rather say—O city, beloved of God!

Do but few things at a time, it has been said, if thou wouldst preserve thy peace; were it not, however, better to do only what is necessary, seeing that we shall thereby not only secure the double advantage of attending to few things, but also of doing what is right? For the greater part of what we say and do is unnecessary; and if this were cut off, we should experience more leisure and less disturbance. Therefore let us ask ourselves on each occasion—is it needful thus to do, thus to think, and so avoid excess.

Only try how an honest life would suit thee—how it would serve thy turn to be satisfied with thy lot, with upright conduct and a truthful purpose.

Hast glanced at one side, now take a look at the other. Be not uneasy. Has any one erred, the fault is his. Has good befallen thee—'tis the bounty of providence and the arrangement of the universe? In a word, life is short; turn what remains to account: be just, be honest, and frugal of repose.

The world is arranged in perfect and fitting order, or it is not: still it is a world. Yet how can any one admit order or design in his own person, and deny it in the universe—a universe in which the very elements conspire to harmony?

Some are malicious, others voluptuous, brutal, childish, stupid, abusive, deceitful, overbearing—what then?

He is indeed a stranger who knows not what is in the world, or what is done in it; a deserter, who flies common reason; blind, who closes the eyes of his reason; an outcast, who receives at the hands of another, what should be held in his own; a sort of excrescence—one who recedes from nature and truth—who is dissatisfied with events—

an outlaw that would disjoin himself from the common source of all things.

Many a one is a philosopher though without a coat, perchance a book, or half-starved; yet however destitute, not the less resolved to go on.

Be satisfied with thy calling; as for the rest, spend thy days as God awards, and be tyrant or slave no more.

The times of Vespasian were they not as they are now; marrying, rearing children, growing sick and dying, going to war, to the feast, or the market; tilling the soil, flattering, suspecting, plotting the property or lives of others, grumbling at the times, courting riches or a mistress, aiming at degrees and dignities? But they are gone now, and will be seen no more. Pass on to Trajan and his days; they too have come to an end. And so it was, and so it will be with us and with all who fail in what concerns their lasting interests, the honour and glory of their race. Let us then weigh and measure all that we have to do, and apportion to smaller matters the attention which is their due.

Names that sounded on every tongue now are heard no more. Who so great as Camillus, Cæso, Volesus, and Leonnatus; yet in a little Scipio, Cato, and Augustus, with Adrian and Antoninus, will become no better than a fable. I say this of the renowned of mankind, as for the rest, they are no sooner dead than forgotten. And after all, what is fame—vanity all! What should prove thy study: this alone, to be just, social, truthful, and contented with whatever comes from the source and fountain of good.

Whate'er betide, be resigned to thy lot.

All is short-lived, both the deed that is done, and he that tells the tale.

See, all things come of change; the old is replaced by what is new; what is, by what is to be; it is an error to limit seed to the field or the womb.

Act just as if about to die. Where then is thy singleness of purpose, where thy freedom from anxiety—convinced that naught can harm thee, thy gentleness to those around—thy integrity?

Behold them and what they follow or flee.

Thy bane is not in another, much less in aught around. Where then,—where but in that part which decides on good and ill? Think nothing evil therefore, and all is well. Though thy poor body were burnt, or tortured, or destroyed, be still; what may equally befal both good and bad, can neither be good nor ill to thee. That which assails alike those who conform to nature, and those who do not, must in itself be matter of indifference.

Consider how one spirit animates the world, one intention its parts, one impulse its acts, in all things united, uniform.

What art, quoth Epictetus, a living soul chained to a decaying carcase?

That which springs from change, in itself can neither be good nor ill. Time is as the waters of a running stream—no sooner here than away.

Whatever happens comes like flowers in spring, or fruit in the fall. Just so are disease, and death, and slander, and treachery, in a word, whatever sinks or raises the spirits of fools.

That which goes before is joined to that which follows: there is nothing causeless, nothing without the stamp and token of design. Thus is it, with the things that are; thus will it prove with those that shall be.

Think what Heraclitus said of changes of the elements; remember the man who forgot whither his road led, stranger to all around. How many quarrel with the intelligence ever before them, and which ruleth all things? Heavens, are we to continue to act and speak like men in a dream, or as children which swallow all they are told!

Suppose God were to say, to-morrow thou diest. Unless thou wast poor of spirit, what would it be to thee whether to-morrow or the day following—for after all, a day more or a day less, to what does it come? To-morrow, or hence a thousand years, 'tis all the same.

Think of the doctors now dead and gone, who knit their brows over the sick—fortune-tellers who told the fate of others—philosophers with fine speeches on death and the life to come—captains who slew their thousands and their tens of thousands—tyrants who ruled with a rod of iron as if they were never to die—Helice, Herculaneum, Pompei, great cities one and all—no more! Of those whom thou hast known, how many after they had stood by the graves of others, were quickly borne away? For brief is the life of man, and small his account therein. What yesterday was a formless atom, to-morrow perchance, will be dead and gone. Pass thy allotted time as nature would have thee, then depart in peace, like the olive which ripely falls, praising the power which gave it birth, and thankful to the tree that bore it.

Be even as a rock against which, although the waves dash and foam, not only holds its place, but stills the raging sea. Ah, hapless me! Not so—rather exclaim, happy me, undaunted by the present, regardless of what is to come. It might have occurred to another, would he have borne it as well? Think not of the mischance, so much as of the felicity of withstanding it. Why esteem that a misfortune which not only proves no blight to thy nature, but falls in with the scope and intention of providence? But what is this intention; surely thou hast not yet to learn? For what is to hinder thee from being honest, great-minded, and true; thankful, modest, and free alike from rashness and deceit; in a word, possessed of the good qualities which form man's aim and excellence. For the rest, when any trouble befals, endeavour to con-

ceive that it is not a misfortune; but that to bear bravely up against it is unquestionably a good.

Dreadest thou death, think of those who were anxious to prolong their days. What have they gained by it any more than if they had gone off early? What has become of Cedicianus, Fabius, Julian, Lepidus—those who bore so many to their graves, and then were borne away at last. How short after all the space—amidst what and with whom, as well as in what a body must thy hours be spent: it is not worth a thought! Only take into account the immensity of the past and the eternity of the life to come, and thou wilt perceive that three days or three ages amount much to the same thing.

Ever go the shortest way to work; now the shortest is according to nature—to speak and act conformably to what is just and true. This it is which shall free thee from every toil and care; from warring, fighting, vain-deceit, and shew.

BOOK V.

Art averse to wake betimes—to rise to do the business of a man—that for which thou wert made, and for the sake of which thou didst come into the world? Wast only designed to doze life away upon thy couch? But this thou wilt say is sweet. Was it for pleasure then, or for work that thou wast born? Behold the plants, the little birds, the spiders, and the honey-bee, each bent on adorning the world—and shalt thou alone decline the business of a man—wilt thou not hasten when nature points the way? But thou requirest rest; yea, but as regards other animal wants, within proper bounds. In

reposing thou dost overshoot the mark—in business dost not come up to it. Didst truly love thyself, thou wouldst love nature and her ways. Those addicted to their callings toil unwashed, unfed. Dost love nature less than the turner doth his lathe, the dancer his heels, the miser his gold, or the vain-glorious their applause? These desire not more earnestly to eat and drink than to compass their several designs; and do the social affections seem meaner or less worthy of pursuit to thee?

How easy to stem and quiet each turbulent, unsocial fancy, and forthwith in peace to dwell.

Words and actions are truly suitable when according to nature; therefore be not turned aside by the censure of others; for if it be proper to be said or done it is also worthy of thee. They are governed by their own notions of fitness and propriety; therefore, do not look about thee, but pursue thy own and the common welfare, for the same path leads to both.

I will even go on as nature would have me, while my strength avails, breathing the air which I have so long breathed, till I fall on that soil which yielded nourishment to my parents, milk to my nurse; which day by day for so many years, hath supported me, and which I still walk upon and turn to account.

Wit, it seems, is not thy vocation; what then, art born for nothing else? Only be what in thee lies—sincere, plain of speech, patient of toil, careless of pleasure, satisfied with thy lot, content with little, mild, averse to trifles—in a word, great-minded and free. Dost not see how much lies within thy power; thou canst not allege incapacity, and yet come far short of the goal? Why grumble then, close up thy heart, blame thy poor body, cringe to others, make a vain shew, or toss thyself about? No, by Heaven, far from it; thou mightest have stood free as of old. Thou wast slow, indeed, and heavy from birth; but this thou

mightest have remedied, hadst thou tried, nor been satisfied with thy own dulness.

There are those who, when they confer a favour, take care to let it be known; others, again, although they may say nothing, do not the less esteem thee their debtor. There is likewise a third sort who, like the vine that sheds its fruit and thinks no more of it, the horse that has run his race, the hound that has lain on the track, or the bee, that has gathered its store, make no account of what they do. So he whom it behoves us to resemble, doth not trumpet forth his own good deeds, but proceeds from one to another like the cluster-bearing vine in its season. Thou wouldst not only applaud thy own generosity, but make those whom thou hast served aware of it also. Do so, and resemble those of whom I have first spoken. Ah, man, take up my meaning, and never wilt thou blush to do good without a name!

Pray in a more open and generous spirit than was the wont of the Athenians, when they entreated the Almighty to pour fertilizing showers on their fields and lands.

As the physician orders one patient to ride, another to bathe, so provident nature sends disease to this one, loss of limbs or offspring to another. One promotes the health of the body, the other that of the soul. For whatever happens is as the stones in the wall, which the mason fits close together with a view to mutual support. Now, the world made up of so many different parts, constitutes one harmonious whole, and the causes which are set to work complete the design and intention of providence. People understand this, for they say—such was his lot—this was his appointment. Just as we swallow the bitter draught which the physician orders, so let us swallow that, however disagreeable, which subserves the will of God and the welfare of the world. For it would not have been permitted had it not tended to good, and proved conformable to nature. Thou hast, therefore, a double motive for lov-

ing whatever befals: first, because thou wast born unto it, second, because it is the will and good pleasure of the Deity—nay, subordinate to the stability of that universe of which he is the source. He, therefore, who would disjoin a part, disjoins the whole; and by repining at his lot, so far as in him lies, acts at variance with the intentions of providence.

Dont be annoyed or fretted because thou canst not always act up to thy principles. If thrown out, return again, enough if thou dost act as a man and love thy duty; for wisdom is no harsh teacher, but a balm for the soul, as much as a wash is for the eyes of him grown blind. Is it not enough to obey reason and abide by it? Remember that wisdom works but as nature wills. What wouldst thou; is there aught more agreeable? Pleasure lures—yet see if there be anything sweeter than freedom, simplicity, piety, and greatness of soul. What can be superior to the wisdom that guides—that not only guides, but ensures success?

Things are so hidden that inquirers not a few, have been unable to make out matters with certainty. The difficulty must be admitted; who is free from error? How fleeting the objects of sense, how low; are they not often in the possession of the meanest of our race—the dishonest, the unchaste? Consider the ways of those around, hardly tolerable, even to those who are guilty of them. 'Midst this dross and darkness, this rushing and heaving of times and seasons, what is there to be honoured or cared for? Let us then comfort ourselves during our stay, by the reflection that the hour of our departure is at hand; and with the certainty that nothing can befal that is not in keeping with the will of God, in opposition to which nothing need force us to act.

To what task shall I apply; what are my views and objects; what is the state of my soul? Am I to remain a

mere child, a boy—effeminate, overbearing, a beast rather than a man?

What the things are which so many esteem good, thou mayest learn by comparison with those which really are so, justice, prudence, moderation, fortitude, and which none can hinder. The uncertainty of fortune has come to be a proverb, and the common people are just as well aware of it as the wisest. Are luxuries worthy of esteem, the possessors of which are liable to be jeered at, as having no room for comfort?

I am made up of body and soul, and since neither arose from nothing, so neither to nothing can return.—When the last change comes, the elements of my frame are converted into something in the outer world, and so on throughout eternity. Thus was it with my progenitors during ages past, and thus will it be throughout all the changes that befal the earth.

Reason is sufficient to itself, works within itself, and goes straight to its object. Therefore is our path named the path of rectitude, when it is guided by honesty and truth.

Nothing is manly unless it partake of the nature of man, and contribute to his excellence; nor can his true happiness, the end and object of his being, reside in aught else. Were other things needed by him where would be the merit of despising them and of doing without them? It would be folly to cast away what was good, if it really were so. Far from it, the more a man withdraws from such, and suffers others to deprive him of them, the better is he esteemed.

As thou dost think so thou wilt be; therefore let thy mind be tinctured by such thoughts as these. Wherever I happen to live, may I not live well? 'Tis thy fortune to live at court; canst not live suitably there too? For whatever we are best fitted, are we intended, as well as in-

clined. This is the end and object of our being; and not merely this, but our welfare and happiness. Man is made for man; and to this intent was he born. The inferior are made for the superior, the superior for each other. Those endowed with life are better than those without life; and those with reason than those which merely live.

'Tis the part of insanity to pursue what is impracticable, but the wicked can act no otherwise than they do.

Nothing can happen to any one which he is unable to bear. Such evils have befallen others, and, whether through fortitude or ignorance, they have withstood the shock. Were it not shameful then, if ignorance or hardihood should surpass prudence and principle?

Things, therefore, cannot reach the soul, nor attain any admission therein. They can neither turn nor change her; she is influenced by herself alone. Whatever she may choose to make them, so must they befal.

'Tis plain that man is bound to man in virtue of the mutual kindnesses which he is called on to perform. In so far however, as others stand in the way of our duties, in so far are they to be esteemed impediments, not less than the brute elements which surround us. These or those indeed may oppose, but they cannot turn us from our purpose; for it lies in the soul to convert a hindrance into a furtherance, and thus to smooth the path which before had seemed impracticable.

Honour to the greatest, the best—the being that governs all things, disposes of all things. Honour, likewise, what is most excellent in thyself, and which, since it rules thy life and the powers within, is akin to the last.

If the world be not injured, so neither are the dwellers therein. Apply this test to fancied grievances; if the world is never the worse so neither art thou. Were it possible indeed, for it to experience injury, it would be

better to beseech the Deity to remedy the evil, than presumptuously to find fault with his arrangements.

Think how swiftly all things flee away. Life is like a river in everlasting flow. Cause and effect themselves are mutable, and leave nothing fixed or firm. Think of the past eternity, and of the rapidly approaching eternity, before which there is nothing stable, to come. What wise man, therefore, will experience either exultation or dismay whatever may befal.

Remember what a speck thou art in creation—how momentary the measure of thy days—how small a concern of providence.

Does any one behave ill towards me, let him look to it, the fault is his—I shall act as nature would have me, and demean myself accordingly.

Maintain the lordly soul free from the trammels of clay; mix thyself not up with them, but hold them far apart. Pleasure and pain, indeed, will obtrude, but suffer not the ruling principle to look upon them as good or ill.

Let us dwell with God. He, indeed, does so who in heart is satisfied with the divine appointments, doing as the God-given soul within would have him.

Does a foul odour annoy thee; it cannot perchance be avoided. But man, thoult say, has reason, and can discern between good and ill. So then, hast not reason; if so rouse thyself; point out their errors; they are cured, perchance, and thou dost fret no more.

Mayest live as if thou wert about to die. But thou art not satisfied. 'Tis well; life wont last for ever, and thoult leave the world as thou wouldst an incommodious dwelling. But who can deprive thee of thy freedom, or hinder thee from doing as thou dost please, subserving the common weal?

God is merciful, he is kind; he has made the lower ranks of creation for the higher, the higher for the sake

of each other. Thou seest how they have been arranged, each according to its station, united by kindness and love.

How hast thou demeaned thyself towards the Deity; how to thy parents, brethren, children, wife, thy teachers, servants, and friends: hast ever said or done by them that which was unkind? And how hast thou conducted thyself in other respects; now that thy task is well nigh done, and the story of thy life at an end? What worthy deeds hast thou shared in; what pains and pleasures—what vain-glory spurned, and how often returned good for ill?

Why should the well-instructed feel concern at the censures of the ignorant? But who are the well-instructed; who but they who know the beginning and the end, the source of all things, the founder of the universe?

A little while and thoult be changed into dust and ashes, perchance, without a name. And what were this but an empty sound? How mean and of small account are things of the greatest note; like the baying hound, or contentious child laughing now, weeping anon. But as for good faith and modesty, justice and truth, they have left this broad earth for a better clime. Wherefore, wouldst thou linger 'mid ceaseless change, where the dull senses flag, where life itself is little better than a fume, renown mere froth and scum? Wherefore, indeed, but to bide thy appointed time, worshipping and praising God, doing good to man, bearing and forbearing, remembering that all things, body and soul excepted, are neither thine nor at thy disposal.

Follow the straight path and thou must ever do right; for it is common alike to God and man—first, to be impeded by no outward hindrance; second, to place happiness in just thoughts and virtuous actions, nor to wish for aught beyond.

If disasters flow from no vicious desire, no improper

act, if they prove no detriment to creation, for creation who can hurt, why shouldst thou repine?

Yield assistance as thou canst and ought, but dont suffer preconceptions to run away with thee. A seeming misfortune is oftenest no real injury. The old man asks the child for his toy in order to prove his love; so providence requires thy goods—toys in reality. But thoult forget this in thy harangues. Folly all, thou mayest be happy when thou wilt; but he alone is so who procures himself a happy lot. And who is happy, who but he who cultivates a well-ordered mind, a virtuous turn, and good actions.

BOOK VI.

The world is obedient to God. The ruling intelligence has no motive for doing evil, for there is no evil in him; how, therefore, could he hurt or injure any one? Is he not the governor of the universe—the source of all things.

It is much the same whether thou dost glow with heat or freeze with cold; whether thou be'st oppressed with watching or sated with sleep; whether through good report or ill, well or dying, provided thy work be done. As for dying, indeed, it is natural as anything else; let us only see to the business in hand.

Look well to it, that thou takest matters for what they are worth, no more.

In a little all will quickly change, and be scattered to the elements.

The ruling intelligence pursues his will, knows what he is about, as well as the materials with which he works.

The best way to revenge an injury is to be unlike the aggressor.

Let it be thy delight to go from one good turn to another, yet ever mindful of God.

'Tis the mind which wills and works, and which gives events the hue that she desires.

Nature—God, is all in all: he does all things, nor is there any other besides him.

The world is an unmeaning heap, shortly to be dissolved, else it is an orderly whole, under the jurisdiction of providence. If the first, why pause amid the rubbish or care for aught save to mingle with the soil; why fret thyself, dissolution will overtake thee at last? But if the second, then trust in God and worship him.

When troubled by cross or care, retreat into thyself, and infringe no more the order of thy being. Do this often, and it will be well with thee.

An' thou hadst a mother and a step-mother, however much thou didst esteem the one, wouldst be oftener with the other. Such are philosophy and the court. Repair frequently to thy mother then, and take thy rest, for this will best reconcile thee to thyself and others to thee.

What were the daintiest fare, but the dead remains of the brute—this Falernian, but a little grape juice—this purple die, but the blood of a fish—love, a passing delight? Such thoughts will lead us to the real value of our possessions, as well as to weigh the high-sounding expressions which shroud their insignificance. For pomp and shew are especially apt to deceive in matters of reputed importance. Dost remember what Crates said of Xenocrates?

The mass are pleased with merest trifles, were it but stones, trees, fruit, wine. Some need flocks and herds for

their solace: others, again, beings with intelligence, not indeed in the best sense, but according to the art or skill, were it but as slaves, which distinguishes them. He, however, who values a living soul for its own sake, is turned aside by none of these considerations, but strives to cherish harmony and good-will, with a view to the well-being of his kind.

Some things hasten into being, others to decay. Of those in being, a part is already gone. The world is renewed by flux and change, just as time is by the infinite successions of eternity. Now, who would attach importance to matters hurried down the ever-restless stream? It were about as wise to fall in love with the bird on the wing, which, seen this moment, is gone the next. A little blood coursing through the veins, a little air in the lungs, such is the life of man—to-day he breathes, to-morrow he dies!

What boots it to vegetate like the plant or live as the brute; to be moved by mere sensation; to be danced about by the passions; to herd together; to be fed?—'Tis little better than so much draff. Is applause the attraction then—no? The voice of the multitude is but a clash of tongues; glory is vain. What, then, is worth having; why, what but to live according to the requirements of nature and of thy calling, the end and object of all our strivings and all our skill? Does not the vine-dresser try to force a crop, the horseman to train his steed, the huntsman his dogs so as best to wind the game? This is the end and object of all instruction; an' thou dost succeed in this, thou wilt succeed in all. Wilt thou not, then, cease to value all other matters? If thou dost not, thou canst never be free, possessed of an even, well-regulated mind; must needs be envious, vying with others, plotting to gain goods so earnestly longed for; otherwise thou dost pine wanting them, and accuse thy

God. But if thou dost truly respect thyself, all will be well with thee; while grateful to thy Maker, and beneficent to man, thou wilt be satisfied with thy lot.

Hither, thither, are tossed the elements; but virtue, truly divine, follows her even path.

Strange, there are those, who, unwilling to praise their contemporaries, are yet most anxious to secure the good-will of posterity, which is about as rational as to desire the applause of those who lived before we were born.

If a thing appear difficult, dont fancy it impracticable; if it have been done before, and ought to be done, believe that thou also canst perform it.

If we get a fall or blow while wrestling in the gymnasium, we bear no grudge, neither do we suppose that our assailant had any desire to injure us. So in the arena of life, let us be upon our guard, not with anger or suspicion indeed, but with caution and temper.

Only convince me that I have said or thought the thing that is wrong, and I shall alter forthwith. I seek but the truth by which no man ever yet was injured. He alone is so who remains the victim of ignorance and imposture.

I shall do my duty, yes; for the rest, whether living or dying, I have no care.

As for the brute, which is placed at thy disposal, treat him well; but towards man, who shares reason with thee, employing God's assistance, be social and kind. Act only thus, and a short life will answer thy purpose as well as one that is long. Alexander, the Macedonian, and his mule-driver, when they died, were upon a par: their souls went to God, their ashes to the elements.

Consider how many things are going on at the same moment in body and soul, and thoult cease, perchance, to wonder that so many are at work in the universe.

Wert asked to write the name of Antoninus, wouldst

do it with anger or reserve? As names are composed of letters, so duty is made up of parts, which will require attention according to the business in hand.

It is deemed cruel not to suffer men to pursue what they esteem their interest. Yet art thou not chargeable when angry at their misdeeds, which they perhaps consider advantageous. Shew them what is right, but do not be angry.

Death puts an end to outward impressions, vain desires, and wandering thoughts, as well as to the slavery of the senses.

It is shameful to live, and yet be wanting to the soul more than to the body.

Beware of luxury; hold fast by integrity, simplicity, justice, piety, gentleness, steadfastness, wisdom. Worship God; be helpful to thy kind, for life is short, and its best fruits are pious sentiments and worthy deeds. Be like Antoninus Pius, in goodness, equanimity, constancy, and attention to business. He passed over nothing which he had not carefully weighed; tolerant of false accusations and unjust rebuke, he gave ear to no informers; a close observer of men and things, he was averse to fault-finding —devoid alike of fear, deceit, or sophistry—content with little—patient in labour—slow to anger—kind towards his friends—delighted to learn—willing to be advised: in a word, he reverenced God without dread or fear. Resemble him, then, that thou mayest be prepared, as he was, for thy last hour.

Awake—arise, and waking know that life with all its cares, is no better than a dream!

I am made up of body and soul: the former knows naught; the latter is indifferent, except as regards her own acts, and of these, the present is of greatest moment.

Let us labour hand and foot, so long as we act up to what becomes us as men; if it be according to nature it must be right.

Who are they who reap sensual pleasures—who, but thieves, harlots, parricides, tyrants?

Dost not see that the skilful artist has no idea of conforming to the notions of the unskilled. Thus is it with the physician and the architect: shall man then be less beholden to the ruler of his calling in that which he shares in common with the Divinity?

Asia, Europe, are but nooks in the universe—the ocean a drop—Mount Athos a clod—time a point in eternity, alike little, fleeting, perishable. All things come from God, whether the lion's jaws, the serpent's poison, mire, thorns, as well as whatever is sweet and fair. Cease therefore to impeach the fountain of life, which thou dost worship.

He who sees the present sees the whole—that which is for ever past, as well as that which lies in the eternity to come, is it not alike and of akin?

Bethink thee how all things are united, part and parcel of, and connected with each other, whether through community of purpose, or similarity of form.

Accommodate thyself to circumstances, and be well disposed towards those with whom it is thy lot to dwell.

Whenever an implement answers the end, it is well, even though the framer of it were no more. When nature works, however, the artificer remains. Worship him therefore, and be persuaded that if thou doest his will all shall be well with thee, for what is there that is not conformable to the will of God?

When thou dost esteem things beyond thy power good or evil, it follows when thou dost miss one, or incur the other, that thou wilt blame the Deity, or hate the sources of thy mishap—injustice all. Confine thyself then, to what is at thy own disposal, so shalt thou neither be discontented with providence nor unfriendly to man.

Knowingly or otherwise, some one way, some another,

even those who sleep, as Heraclitus observes, the fault-finder and the querulous along with the rest, we all act up to the allotment of providence. Which wilt thou be, then, the servant of God, or his enemy?

The sun does not want to be the shower; nor the spring the fruit-bearing autumn. How various the stars, yet they all shine out upon the world?

If God mean anything by me it is for good; a Deity without design is inconceivable. Why should he harm me, where the advantage to him or to the world? If I am not specially provided for, I am included in the whole; with this let me be content. But, granting for a moment, which it were impious to suppose, that the Divinity took no counsel concerning us, wherefore, pray or sacrifice, he hears us not; am I then to take no heed to myself, or fail to act according to my interests or my nature, as a man and a citizen, as an inhabitant of Rome, and a denizen of the universe?

What is good for one is so for all; let this suffice.

In life, as on the stage, the same thing is repeated again and again; how long dost pause on the representation?

Think that men of every race and clime have died; like Philistes, Phœbus, Origan, we all must repair where so many have gone before—philosophers, Heraclitus, Pythagorus, Socrates—heroes, princes, leaders, Eudoxus, Hipparchus, Archimedes, and others renowned for industry and acquirements. Menippus, even, who turned life into a jest, is laid low with the rest. And what so terrible in this were it to the nameless dead? One thing alone is best, to nourish justice and truth, even towards the deceitful and unkind.

Wouldst gladden thy heart, think of the good qualities of those around: the industry of one, the modesty of another, the liberality of a third. Nothing, indeed, is

more grateful than a lively conception of the virtues of those who live with us, and which therefore we should ever keep in view.

Art not angry because thou dost not weigh a ton, and why dissatisfied if life do not extend a thousand years? If contented with thy stature, why not with the number of thy days?

Let us convince others if we can, but whether or no, let us do what is right. If opposed, we have only to improve the hindrance to the exercise of some other virtue. Thou hast never aimed at what was impossible, but only at what was right; and if thou dost but this, thou hast thy reward.

The vain-glorious man places his happiness in the conduct of others, the voluptuary in his senses, the man of intelligence in his soul.

We have it in our power to frame no false conclusions, and thereby to avoid disturbance; neither are we obliged to change our convictions at the mercy of occurrences.

Listen to what is said, and enter so far as may be into the heart of the speaker.

What fails to benefit the swarm can prove of little advantage to the bee.

If sailors abuse the pilot, patients the physician, to whom will they listen, or how are the former to reach their port, the latter to regain their health?

Of those who came into the world with me, how many have left it before me?

Is not honey distasteful to the jaundiced, water terrible to those bitten by dogs, a ball, a plaything, to the child? Wherefore art angry; does ignorance or error possess less sway over those who labour under it, than bile over the jaundiced, or the venom of a dog over the rabid?

No one can hinder thee from abiding by the dictates

of reason and truth, nor can aught befal thee at variance with the intentions of providence.

Consider who they are who hunt after popularity, to what they are obliged to submit, as well as how soon oblivion overtakes and sweeps them away.

BOOK VII.

Vice thou hast too often seen, not to speak of other matters, whether such as relate to times lóng past, or those of the present day. Nothing indeed is new though so quickly come and gone.

The lamp of life can never be extinguished in thy soul, unless the oil be exhausted. But thou mayest supply it afresh. I know that I may think justly when I please, therefore, why be troubled? What is extrinsic to the mind matters not; feel but this, and thou wilt, must, be right. Wouldst live again, review afresh what thou hast felt and seen; this, indeed, were to live again.

Vain shew, stage deception, dogs fighting for the bone, baits to lure the unwary, the toiling of ants, sudden panics, puppets on wires—such is life. For all this, let us maintain good-feeling and equanimity, and be persuaded that each is deserving according to his worth.

In conversation, let us give heed to what is said—in action, to what is done, that we may learn the meaning of the one and intent of the other.

My understanding suffices or it does not; if it do, I shall employ it as a gift from God—if not, I shall yield to those who are fitter than myself, or if needs be, act according to my ability as regards the end and object of all my strivings, whether alone or with others, the common good.

How many of great renown, with those who proposed to sing their praises, are utterly forgotten?

'Tis thy duty, like a soldier on the wall, to do what is laid out for thee; but if lame and unable to storm the breach, wilt thou scorn assistance?

Be not uneasy touching the future; reason will attend thee then as now.

All things are connected as with a secret bond; they are ranged together, yielding grace and beauty to the world; for there is but one world—one God—one substance—one law—one truth—one reason common to all thinking beings, and one perfection for them to aim at.

Every created thing is quickly dissolved; thought and intelligence are taken up by the fountain of thought, but the memory of each is buried in the lapse of eternity.

What is agreeable to nature is also consonant with reason.

If not upright become so.

As the limbs unite to form the frame, so beings endowed with reason, however remote from each other, concur in one common object. It will have more weight with thee, and lead thee to love thy fellows more heartily, if thou dost bethink thyself—I am an integral portion of the rational whole, not a mere disjointed fragment; otherwise thoult not take a pleasure in doing good for its own sake, and as a real kindness to thyself, but only because it is proper.

Let occurrences affect whom they may, let those complain who will, unless I esteem them evil, I am never the worse.

Let them do or say, it is my part to be good. Gold, purple, the emerald, retain their lustre not the less whatever they may be called.

Does not the mind create her own fears, vexations, ap-

prehensions—why fret or be troubled, it lies in herself to be free? Let the body, indeed, look to it, complain if it can, and say what ails it; nothing could touch the soul if she would but let herself alone. Sufficient to herself, she would experience no deficiency; nothing need disturb or fetter her, provided she choose to be free.

To have a mind well-disposed is to be happy, as if a guardian-angel watched over one. Begone then, O ye phantoms, begone by heaven, even as ye came; I want ye no more. Ye came as of old, I am not angry with ye, only begone!

Fearest thou dissolution; what can be done without it, what more conformable to nature and providence? Couldst have a bath without fuel, or be nourished without food; nothing can be done short of change? Dost not see, then, that alteration has its use?

Life flows like a torrent—all things come to an end; 'tis for the good of the whole. How many names, Chrysippus, Socrates, Epictetus, have been swallowed in the stream of time?

This only I desire, no more, that I should act up to the honour and dignity of man.

In a very little, forgetfulness will seize thee, and thou too wilt be forgotten.

'Tis but manly to love those who strive to injure us; for only remember that all are akin—that they act from ignorance—that we shall soon be dead and gone, and that no hurt can befal the soul.

Man and brute are formed from one and the same material, and as quickly decay. Yet why should it prove more terrible to go out of the world than to come into it?

A scornful face is contrary to nature and to reason, and when often worn, the beauty of that face returns no more.

Whatever thou beholdest, doth presiding nature change, converting one thing into another, so that the world is ever new.

Where one hath erred, find out his conceptions touching good and ill. These discovered, thoult pity only, without anger or surprise. Perchance thou holdest the same convictions; but if not, wilt easily put up with his folly.

Think not so much on what thou hast not, as on what thou hast, and which if thou hadst not, thou wouldst keenly desire. But do not value it overmuch, lest thou shouldst be overcome with the loss.

Stand fast; is not reason sufficient for itself, sufficient for happiness?

Let fancy rule no more; stem the passions; look to what is before thee; weigh justly what befals thyself and others; separate the essence from the aspect; think on thy last hour, and let sin lie at the door of him who is guilty of it.

Attend to what is said, and try to comprehend what is done.

Let simplicity, modesty, and indifference to mere outward advantages, be thy only adornment. Love thy fellows, and be obedient to God. All things are wisely ordered, the elements themselves abide the command.

What is death but a dissolution of the bodily fabric—a translation to a better world?

When pain ceases to be tolerable it destroys, but short of this it is certainly tolerable. The mind, meanwhile, holds its own, and is nothing the worse; as for the limbs that suffer, let them complain if they can.

Touching glory, who gives it—what do they sue, what do they shun? As sand-heaps cover one the other, so is fame; thus in life, the new glory covereth the old.

To one whose mind is uplifted by the consideration of time and space, life, as Plato observes, is no great matter, death, nothing to excite the faintest dismay.

Wert even a king, Antisthenes observes, it might be thy fate to be spoken ill of, although thou hadst done well.

It is base when the countenance preserves a tranquillity which the soul does not share; when the face yields an obedience which the mind refuseth.

It boots not to be angry with events, since never a jot do they care.

Manage so as to gain God's sanction and thine own.

Like the corn-bearing ears, so is life; some are mowed down, while others stand awhile.

Were it possible for the Deity to cease to care for me and mine, it must be for some good reason.

Yes, I can hold by what is just and true.

Weep not overmuch with others, for it is of no avail.

O Plato, thou sayest well; to live or die is of no account, but only how we live or how we die: and—

O ye men of Athens, of a truth, when any one chooses his post, or is placed in it by his leader, thereat, it seemeth to me, should he take his stand, fearing neither danger nor death, but disgrace alone.

Again, do ye not perceive that there is something more worthy of goodness and truth than to save or be saved, or falling in love with life, to live a length of years; should ye not rather put your trust in God, knowing that life must come to a close, and that the only concern is to spend it well.

Consider the course of the stars, as if thou wert running a race with them, and the changing elements; the very thought will help to cleanse away the dross of this life below.

As Plato hath said, we should look on life as from a height, down on the flocks and herds, the tillers of the soil, armies with their leaders, and the varied aspects of busy nations, births, deaths, marriages, the bustling law-

court, and the silent desert, feasts and funerals, joy and woe—in short, the endless medley of things incongruous.

Think on what is past, the fate of nations, and thou mightest dive into the future, for occurrences are of a kind. Thou canst not sunder the bond of events, for hence, as far as thou canst see, forty years and a thousand, are, in a measure, the same.

The things of earth return to earth, those of heaven, whence they came; by which Euripides would imply the dissolution that awaits us all.

Fain would we delay our coming fate; but when the heaven-borne gale doth blow, we must embark in spite of all our grief and care.

He is a better wrestler than thou. What then; is he more social, modest, better prepared for untoward fortune—more tolerant of the misconduct of others?

So long as we conform to nature, and act up to the reason which God hath given us, nothing terrible, nothing hurtful can befal.

Never imposed on by passing fancies, thou mayest be alike satisfied with thy lot, and with those around thee.

Why pry into other peoples' thoughts, thou knowest what nature and providence require of thee? Let each one perform his own part. The lower orders of creation are made for our behoof; but we are intended to aid each other as well as to be kind and social, in opposition to the dictates of the flesh. For it is given to us to rise superior to impressions which are common to us with the brute. The mind, indeed, will not suffer them to rule, for to this was she born. Lastly, let us guard against error and deception; compass but this, and thou hast thy due.

Reflect that life is almost past and gone; spend the remainder, then, as heaven hath willed.

Love what has been assigned thee; does not providence know best?

When anything happens, keep before thee those whom it befel before, how they stormed and raged, how strange they thought it. Where are they now, gone for ever more? Wouldst thou then resemble them? Put such follies aside; it only concerns thee to turn the occurrence to account. Thou mayest fitly do so; the means are ever at hand. Look well to thyself then; do only what is right; as for the rest it is not worth a care.

See, within thee is the fountain of life, which flows ever and ever, if thou wilt only give it leave.

Maintain an even deportment; for as the soul shines through the countenance, so let dignity animate and rule the frame.

Life is a struggle; be ever prepared for the event.

Who and what are they whose suffrage thou dost claim? Reflect on the sources of their opinions and feelings, and thoult experience neither annoyance when they blame, nor satisfaction when they praise.

No soul, observes Plato, is willingly deprived of truth. The same may be said of temperance, justice, honesty, magnanimity—in fine, every virtue. Remember this and it will render thee tolerant towards all.

Whatever be thy suffering, reflect that pain implies no scandal, nothing that need soil the soul. It cannot last, and at the same time prove intolerable. Remember, too, when annoyed by other matters, not even painful, to rouse, and prove thyself a man. Take heed then, thou dost not retort the sentiments of the wicked.

Wherefore was Socrates nobler than his fellows? Was it because he boldly lived and bravely died, that he put up with cold and hardship, that he refused to arrest the innocent, or that sobriety and dignity marked all his ways? Why, but because he had a nobler soul; because he thought it sufficient to be obedient to God, and just to man; tolerant towards the sinner, although observant of the crime;

contented with his lot, and beyond the control of the flesh.

Nature hath not so framed thee that thou mightest not discern thy duty and perform it. A man may be in a manner divine, and yet unknown to all. Happiness lies in narrow compass; thou mayest fail as a naturalist or logician, but naught need prevent thee from being modest, free, obedient to God, and well-disposed towards man.

Were those around to brawl, or savage beasts to tear thee limb from limb, thou mightest live free and unconstrained, hold fast to thine equanimity, pass correct judgment on what befals, and turn it to account. For to each occurrence thou mayest say, thou art what I sought or art not; rendering it in every case a means of rational excellence and social welfare, alike suitable to the purposes of God and man.

This is best, to live each day as if it were thy last—without haste, or pause, or sloth, or hypocrisy.

Though God be immortal, hath he not put up with care unceasing, throughout ages, with the folly and impiety of mankind? But thou, although one of the number, and shortly about to quit the world, art unable to tolerate them.

What folly to try, which thou canst not, to evade the misconduct of others, but wilt not, which is in thy power, desist from thine own.

Whatever subserves no rational or social purpose is beneath attention.

Hast done a good turn, 'tis well—why gape for a return?

No one is tired of favours; but in serving others, the gain, in truth, is thine.

God made the world and ruled it so, else failed in his intent, which cannot be; therefore, be still.

BOOK VIII.

CANST aver that thou hast lived from youth as one who loved wisdom; thou knowest how far thou wast removed from it. Thy position was at variance with it; but what signifies a name? It is enough to spend thy days as nature points out, and to let nothing turn thee from it. Thou knowest how thou didst wander, and yet hast not arrived at happiness. 'Tis not in learning, nor wealth, nor fame, nor pleasure; no, but only in acting up to the dignity of man; in holding fast by the truth; in acknowledging justice, freedom, temperance, fortitude, as good, and what is opposed, as evil.

As regards every action, think how it would affect thee an' thou wert about to die—whether it be suitable to God and man, that is thy only care.

Alexander, Cæsar, Pompey, what were they in comparison with Diogenes, Heraclitus, Socrates? These could look into events and their causes, but as for those, what cares, what bootless slavery?

Aye, they will do and say, an' thou wert to burst with indignation.

Be not troubled, nature is ever the same. Adrian and Augustus are no more, and thou, too, must follow them. Look to it, then, let virtue only rule; act up to the dignity of thy nature; speak only what is just and true, but with gentleness, modesty, and all sincerity.

Nature is ever changing, ever new; why be uneasy, it is the law?

'Tis sufficient when nature prospers. Reason is satisfied when turned aside by no false notions; when her acts concern the good of all, and her desires and aversions

relate to things within her own power; in a word, while she abides by the dictates of providence. And why not; is not the soul akin to providence as the leaf is akin to the tree. The latter, indeed, is without sense or reason; but the soul of man bears relation to a principle whose purposes cannot be set aside; intelligent, just, and wise; which apportions to all alike the measure of their duration, being, form, condition, power. And this is evident if thoult compare the whole with the whole, and not a part with a part.

Hast no leisure to study; what then, thou canst avoid all reproach, mayest rise superior to pleasure and pain, and the desire of fame; canst not only avoid ill-will towards the unfeeling and ungrateful, but even have a tender care over them.

Do not run down life, whether spent at court or at home.

Repentance is self-reproach for the omission of something useful. Now what is good is useful, and deserves being cherished by every honest man. Such a one never regretted a sensual gratification. It is plain, therefore, that pleasure alone is neither useful nor honourable.

What wouldst thou be at, its nature, substance, form; what are its tendencies, the part it performs, its stay?

Art unwilling to rise, recollect that to be up and doing are the business of a man; whereas, sleep is common to the speechless brute; act up, therefore, to thy nature and thy race.

Look sharply into thy mood for the time; see to its influence on thy heart and understanding.

When thou hast to do with any one, bethink thee straightway, what are his notions touching good and ill, pleasure and pain, infamy and renown, life and death. If such they be, it is no ways wonderful he should act such a part and be unable to refrain.

Is it strange that a tree bears fruit, much less that the world goes on as it does? Absurd, is the physician amazed at a fever—the pilot at a storm?

Why not improve at the suggestion of another; it is still thy own mind that acts?

If the evil be at thy disposal, why submit; if at that of another, whom dost thou accuse? Chance or providence: folly all! Accuse no one. An' thou canst mend the matter, do it; if not, wherefore useless blame?

Nothing dying returns to naught, but reverts to the elements of which thou too art formed. They are changed, but grumble not.

Every thing performs an allotted part: wonder not. The sun, with all the powers of heaven, is formed for his work—but thou for pleasure, God forbid?

Nature designs an end, as well as a beginning, and course to all things. Is the ball happier in its flight than when arrived at its goal; the bubble swoln than broken; the taper lit than quenched?

Look to thyself; what art thou? What if old, sickly, or about to die? Life is short alike to the praiser and the praised, the rememberer and him who is remembered; and this too in a point of creation where those who occupy it are in unison neither with themselves nor those around.

Attend to the duty at hand, whether it be in thought, or deed, or word. Justly doth he suffer who would be good to-morrow rather than to-day.

If I do it, it shall be for the good of all; if it happen, it is the appointment of God, the ruler of the world.

Lucilla buried Verus, then died herself; Secunda, Maximus, then Secunda herself was taken away. And thus was it with Epitynchanus and Diotimus, Antoninus and Faustina, Celer and Adrian, as with all. Where are your men of skill, those who blown up with pride, looked so far into the future—where? Whither Charax, Deme-

trius, Eudamon, and the rest? Creatures of a day, they perished long ago. Some names are handed down for a moment, while others, if they still linger, are no better than a fable. Remember only this, that the body dies, and that the soul disappears for ever, or goes to another place.

Where is the satisfaction like that of acting as becomes a man; and in what does it consist, save in good-will towards our kind, in disregarding the clamour of the senses, in separating error from truth, and in contemplating the works and ways of God?

We hold three relations, the first to the divine source of all things, the second to those among whom we live, the last to ourselves.

Pain then is an evil—let the body declare. As for the soul, she may possess her calmness despite of every suffering; for reason, appetite, desire, aversion, are lodged where evil need never come.

Hence vain illusions all. Am I not able to maintain a soul free from folly, lust, and care? And since nature permits it, may I not search into all things, and use them as I will?

Whether in the senate or elsewhere, let sense, not sound, be thy aim.

As for Augustus and his court, wife, daughter, sister, grand-children, step-sons, relations, servants, physicians, priests—Arius, Agrippa, Mecænas, they are all gone. Nay not only individuals but whole races are blotted out. What more common on a tomb than—this was the last of his line? How anxious were the forefathers for a successor; yet to this must it come at last.

Let virtue be thy rule; this none can hinder. What if something should oppose; yet, need it prevent thee from being temperate, just, wise? Thy intention may not always be realized; but thou mayest ever rise superior to the

hindrance, and give thyself up to what is within thy reach.

Take without pride, resign without dismay.

Hast seen a limb cut off and lying apart? Such is he who severs himself from the community to which he belongs, and abandons the station which providence assigns. Yet the Deity grants the power of uniting afresh to that of which he was a part.

Since our faculties are the gift of God, and since he makes every thing subordinate to his purposes, why should not we, also, improve the hindrances to which we are subjected, and turn them to account?

Dont think of what may happen, or the troubles to which thou mayest be exposed, but rather ask thyself on each emergency, what is there intolerable in all this, or that thou wouldst not blush to own. Recollect that it is not the past or future which oppresses thee, but only the present, which thou wilt esteem of little moment if thou dost take it by itself and put up with it alone.

Do Panthea and Pergamus still pause by the tomb of Verus, or Chabrias and Diotimus yet linger by that of Adrian? Ah, no! If indeed they waited, would their lords be sensible of it; or, if sensible, would they be pleased; or, if pleased, could their mourners wail on for ever? They too must grow old and die; and dying what of those they tended—what is it all but corruption and decay?

Thou seest clearly; 'tis well—turn thy penetration to account.

There is nothing in a rational being opposed to justice; but temperance is clearly destined to restrain the pleasures of sense.

Dont fancy it, and thou art no worse. But art not always reasonable. Be so then, and suffer no more.

When the body is hurt it concerns the senses—the mind,

the soul. Does pain or pleasure lie in wait, let the former look to it: does anything oppose thy intention, it is a cross to the soul. But if the latter be evenly balanced, nor fire, nor sword, nor tongue, nor tyrant shall chain her down.

Why should I grieve, who never willingly aggrieved another?

Pleasures are various, but mine is a mind opposed to nothing which concerns mankind; a disposition which falls out with nothing, and which takes things as they come.

Live while we may. They who long for the voices of posterity do not reflect that those who come after them will be no better than themselves. Mortal alike, what does it concern us what they may think or what they may say when we are no more?

Toss me where you will; so long as my soul is satisfied with itself, and acts up to what is just and true, what can prove an evil to me, or render me worse than I was before—mean, craving, pusillanimous?

Nothing can befal a man any more than a tree or a stone, which is not consequent on his position. If, then, naught can happen which is not fit and proper, where is the scope for blame? Providence will expose thee to nothing, which thou art unable to sustain.

Doth aught trouble thee, it is not so much the thing itself as the opinion which thou hast framed, and which thou mayest banish if thou wilt. Doth thy temper fret; wherefore not amend? Art uneasy thou hast done no more; do it then? But something withstands; if so, why grieve, the fault is not thine own? But life is not worth having on the terms. Die, then, if it must be so, but not less cheerfully than if thou hadst succeeded, and with equal good-will towards those who oppose.

The mind that depends on itself, even when bent on things impracticable, is hardly to be subdued; what then,

if strengthened by reason and deciding from conviction? Raised above the passions, the soul is a fortress to which a man may flee secure from danger, invincible. He who doth not discern this is ignorant; he who doth not abide by it is unhappy.

Dont go beyond the reality. Thou hast been maligned; it is well, but was it said thou wast hurt thereby? My child is sick; even so; but does it follow that he is in danger? Abide then by what happens; but if thou wilt go farther, do it as one who knows the course of events and what is likely to befal.

The cucumber is bitter, cast it away; thorns are in thy path, step aside; it is enough without inquiring why such things are. A naturalist or a mechanic would laugh, wert thou to find fault with clippings and shavings. Such, indeed, have corners to throw them into; but the divine artificer has no by-place for refuse. When things moulder and decay, he, wonderful to relate, brings them out anew, without residue behind. He is sufficient to himself; his resources never fail.

Be not slow in business; in conversation petulant; in thought rambling; torn about by conflicting passions; unduly hurried. Do they curse—would they slay; let them; they cannot slay the soul, nor subvert sobriety, justice, moderation, truth. If a pure, sweet fountain were loaded with abuse, would it flow less clearly on; were mud or clay even thrown in, would it not soon disperse, and the liquid element remain untainted as before? And how art thou to secure an ever-living fountain in thine own breast, how, but by forming thyself each day afresh, to serenity, modesty, freedom, simplicity?

He who knows not the sort of world he lives in, has little idea of why he was sent into it. Who, then, would value the applause or dread the censure of men ignorant alike of what they are or where?

What, wouldst thou be commended by one who curses himself thrice in the hour; who is satisfied with nothing he does, nothing he says?

Be not more desirous to breathe, than to conform to the intelligence which surrounds all things. For the spirit of God is every where, and not less willing to commune with man, than the air is to enter his breast.

Wickedness is not inherent in the world, but only in the individual addicted to it, whom alone it injures, and who might free himself from it if he would.

My will no more belongs to another, than his body or his mind to me. For although born for mutual aid, each is lord of his own soul; if otherwise, another's sin were my stain; but God hath not willed it so, lest it should be in the power of that other to render me unhappy.

The sun shines on, illumining the earth, without pause or stay. There is no direction wherein his rays do not penetrate. Are they not absorbed or scattered, even when admitted into a darkened chamber? So let the light of thy understanding come without force or violence where it falls; and, as for that which will not receive it, why let it remain as before.

He who fears to die, dreads the extinction of his being, or his translation to another world. Where there is no sensation, there can be no suffering; but, if he gain other senses, he becomes a new creature, and does not cease to be.

Men were formed for each other; instruct them, therefore, or put up with them.

An arrow courses after one fashion, the mind after another; yet the latter, even when it ponders and hesitates, advances not the less surely to the mark.

See into the hearts of others; let them see into thine.

BOOK IX.

To be unjust is to be impious, for the spirit of life has framed us to aid, not to injure one another: now, he who hurts his fellow, sins against the everlasting God. Things resemble what produces them: God is truth and the fountain of truth, and he who utters a falsehood knowingly, is guilty of impiety, and transgresses against the power which enabled him to distinguish between error and its opposite. He, too, sins, who seeks pleasure as a good, and shuns pain as an evil; for he must often blame providence for bestowing pleasure on the wicked and inflicting pain upon the good. Pain, indeed, is unavoidably included in the order of that providence to which all alike are bound to conform; and he to whom pleasure is the only good, will not always scruple to inflict an injury. He, therefore, to whom pain and pleasure, life and death, glory and infamy, are not indifferent, cannot well be acquitted of impiety, seeing that they have been intended by nature in the arrangement of the universe, and the course of events, as well as the actors in them, from the beginning.

It were better to leave the world than to be tainted with lying, vain-glory, luxury, and hypocrisy; or being tainted, to expire rather than continue the practice of these vices. Wouldst not fly the plague, yet what plague so great as a corrupt heart? One concerns the body, but the other the soul.

Despise not death, but encounter it cheerfully, as a thing that nature wills. For such are youth and age; the prime of life and fell decay; to beget and to be born—and such is death. Therefore prepare to meet it like a man, neither rashly nor thoughtlessly, but as a thing that must be borne.

And as thou wouldst await the coming of the infant from its mother's womb, so await the season when the soul shall cast off its garment. If thou wouldst a further support, consider what thou art about to leave, and the ways of those from whom thou dost sever, yet with all gentleness and kind consideration. They do not, indeed, share thy sentiments, for this would draw thee back to life. Thou seest then, how it is to live with such, so that thou mightest well exclaim—hasten death, lest I too forget myself.

He who sins, sins against himself; he who is unjust, hurts himself by becoming what is evil.

We may err by what we omit, as well as by what we do.

It is enough if thy conceptions prove correct, thy conduct social, thy wishes in accordance with providence.

Blot out vain imaginings; restrain thy eagerness; quench thy desires; be master of thy soul.

Brutes enjoy one species of perception, men another; yet there is one world for all that live—one light for all that see—one air for all that breathe.

Things of a kind go together, what is earthy to earth, what is moist to water, what is aerial to air; fire, also, nourished by fitting fuel, mounts on high. Just so our better part, the more it surpasses, hastens after what is akin. The very brutes, far from being either stocks or stones, display fondness and affection for their kind. Rational creatures are united as well by the ties of kindred, as by treaties and alliances in war and peace; the heavenly bodies even, are joined in sympathy. Human beings are the only ones ever forgetful of the common bond; but nature will conquer at last, and man shall not always prove at variance with his kind.

Man, God, the universe, bear fruit in fitting season. We say the fruit of the vine; but reason, also, hath it not fruit both social and private, a fruit, too, which is akin to that which produces it?

Teach them better if thou canst; if not, be merciful, even as God himself is merciful, and giveth us health, and wealth, and fame. Be like him, then, or say who hindereth thee?

Work not indeed as a galley-slave, or one whose desire is to excite wonder; but whether thou dost labour or pause, seek the common welfare alone.

This day I have put off every care, or rather thrown it from me; for it was not without, but in my own breast.

Such things are matter of habit, mean, ephemeral, much as in the times of those who lie buried in their graves.

Events stand as it were beyond the threshold; they know nothing, and can tell us nothing, 'tis the soul that decides.

It is not enough to feel alone, we must do; here resides the good or evil of our lives.

What boots it to the stone that is cast, whether it mount or fall? See into them whom thou fearest, and how they pass judgment on themselves.

All things, thyself inclusive, are in process of change and decay.

As for the error of another, let it stand at his own door.

The cessation of an action, or the quenching of a desire, is a species of death, but no further ill. Bethink thee of infancy, manhood, decay, each of which is a sort of dissolution, and where is the misery of it? Reflect on life in thy grandfather, thy mother, or thy father's time; there were the same changes going on then, and where is the evil; no more is there any in the course or termination of thy own days.

Have an eye to providence and thyself. To thyself, that thou mayest incline to what is right; to providence, that thou mayest be aware of whom thou art a part; lastly, to the evil-doer, that thou mayest know whether he acted from ignorance or design, and withal, that he is akin.

As thou art member of the community, so let every act be conformable; for otherwise, a deserter from the common weal, it will be at variance with the intention of thy being.

Childish strife and trifling all, like spirits cumbered with dead carcasses; why 'tis no better than shadows on the wall.

Consider actions apart from the doer; see to their quality and endurance.

Hast suffered a thousand ills from not abiding by the dictates of thy reason, in that for which it was framed.

When others hate or reproach thee, enter into their very souls and see what they are: thou wilt hardly find it worth while to trouble thyself touching their esteem. Yet be well disposed towards them, for they are akin. Imitate that providence which cares for them even while they sleep, which comforts them by its manifestations, and aids them in all things.

In this ever-turning, ever-changing world, God rules from age to age, all that happens, all that comes, else chance is at the helm. With him it shall fare well with us, but otherwise, why be troubled; in a very little, the earth will cover us; the world too undergoes mutations without end—for life is like the rolling wave, nothing fixed or firm.

Events rush onwards like a torrent; 'tis not so easy to live in public and love wisdom the while. What thou doest, O man, let it be as nature requires. Begin, then, according to thy ability; thou needst not gaze round to see who is standing by, much less look forward to Plato's republic. It is enough, nor esteem it a small matter, if thou dost prove successful in aught. Of some, who can change the opinions—those who labour under a slavery while they profess to obey. 'Tis very well to talk about Alexander, Philip, Demetrius; did they conform to the

requirememts of nature, and act accordingly? But if they proposed mere stage-play, who condemns me to imitate them? Simplicity and modesty, not folly and pretence, are the business of the philosopher.

Regard the myriad herds; the endless beliefs; the sailings to and fro', in storms and calms; the varying conditions of those who come and go. Consider the life which was led of old, which will be led after thou art gone, and which is still led by some. How many are there who never knew thy name; as for those that do, how soon will they forget it? Praise, perchance, is turned into blame; but as for present glory or after fame it is of no account.

Be tranquil as to what comes from without; just, as concerns thy sentiments within: in a word, think and live in unison with nature and the common good.

Thou mayest cut off a thousand troubles if thou wilt, and thereby yield fresh scope to thy understanding. Consider the world and the period of thy stay in it; the rapidity of every change; how short the space between birth and death; how matters were before thou camest, how they will be when thou art no more.

All that thou seest will speedily be at an end, while those who look on, will as quickly perish; in a word, the longest life and the shortest are much upon a par.

Consider as it were mens' naked souls, what they honour, what they care for, as well as what a fuss they make, when their praise profits or their censure frets.

What is loss but one of those changes in which nature delights, and whereby all do well? It was so from the first, and will be so to the end. Or wilt thou say, that things were badly framed from the beginning; that God was unable to rectify evil, and that the world must put up with a cureless infliction?

How poor, how sordid the materials around us; what is marble, or silver, or gold—dross and sediment all. What

are thy garments, twisted hair—the vaunted purple die, a little blood—the mind itself, how variable?

Enough of these wretched doings, this murmuring and apish folly. What's thy trouble; perchance something new or surprising. Is it the matter or the manner of it that annoys thee; see to it then, for there is no one else to do so. Nay, by heaven, 'tis time to turn to simplicity and evenness of purpose; an' thou dost, a life of three or a hundred years will be the same.

If any one have wronged thee, the evil be his; but perchance he hath not.

All things spring from a common intelligence, should the parts then blame the whole; else chance rules, if so, why be troubled? Speak not, therefore, as if thou wert corrupt, or dead, or dissembling, or turned over to the common herd.

God is powerless, or he is not. If the former, it were needless to entreat; if the latter, why not pray to be delivered from the fear or desire of anything, that it should happen or not happen. If he can assist us in aught, it is surely in this. But the Deity, thoult say, has placed it in our own power. 'Tis well, turn to account, then, what lies at thy disposal, and not like a weary slave, cry after that which is not? But who hath told thee God lends no assistance. How wouldst begin? This man desires a beautiful woman; do thou pray not to desire her: one prays to be delivered from his enemy; do thou entreat not to need delivery: another not to lose his child, but let it be thy prayer not to be afraid to lose him. Pray thus, and thoult see what comes of it.

When Epicurus was sick, he did not entertain the bystanders with his sufferings; but rather discoursed on those points which he had established before; as how the mind, although partaking of the troubles of the body, might yet remain unembarassed and free. And keeping

himself tranquil and happy, permitted no useless fuss, nor suffered the healers of the sick to imagine they were doing anything remarkable by him. Go thou, and whether sick or well, do likewise; never forsake thy principles, be intent upon thy business, nor trifle like one unacquainted with philosophy.

When assailed by insolence, recollect that it is one of the things that go to make up the world. Let the same reflection come to thy assistance, on the occasion of any treachery or faithlessness; let it improve thy patience, for the world cannot subsist without it. Bethink thee, also, what virtues nature hath enabled thee to oppose to these views; thou hast equanimity wherewith to comfort the unreasonable, and so with the rest. Art called on to replace every wanderer on the right path; now, he who sins hath wandered. Where is thy hurt, for those who provoked thee have done thy better part, the only seat of good and ill, no injury? Where is the wonder if an ill-instructed person should act like one; rather blame thyself for being surprised at misconduct, the probability of which thy reason might have suggested. It is still more absurd to blame the faithless or ungrateful; thou hast done them a service, hast fulfilled what nature intended; 'tis enough, what right hadst thou to look for more? 'Tis much as if the eyes should expect to be paid for seeing, the ears for hearing; for this is their part—this their greatest gain. Yes, man was designed to do good by man; and in this lies his perfection and surpassing reward!

BOOK X.

When, O my soul, wilt thou be just, and simple, and true, undisguised, and easy of approach, as the body which surrounds thee—when manifest a sweet and loving temper; ever content, wanting nothing, longing for nothing, living or dead; neither seeking after pleasures, nor time to enjoy them—nor place, nor spot, nor good fellowship; satisfied with what thou art and what thou hast; believing that God hath done well by thee and by the world—God, the good, the just, the beautiful—Father, Comforter, Sustainer, Friend—from whom all things come, and to whom every change is owing: in a word, so comport thyself in the sight of God and man, as neither to blame nor be blameworthy?

Examine what nature requires of thee, then resign thyself to her dictates, unless something oppose. 'Tis no harm to yield to the requirements of sense, when reason suggests; but what is the test, why the good of the community—'tis needless to go farther.

Art framed to bear what happens, or thou art not. If the former, 'tis well; if the latter, take it not to heart; when thou art consumed, thy trouble will be no more. Remember only that nature hath enabled thee to put up with whatever reason says it is proper thou shouldst sustain.

If he err, set him right, but mildly; art unable to succeed, blame thyself, if even thyself, alone.

Whatever happens was designed from the beginning; thy lot is interwoven with the current of events from all eternity.

Whether chance or heaven rule, 'tis clear that I am

bound up with the whole, under the guidance of nature, and in alliance with my species. What is advantageous to the whole is no otherwise to a part; the universe cannot disserve itself. Nothing can force the Deity to do aught that is hurtful. Let me, then, remember that I am a portion of the universe, bound to be grateful to what befals, and so far as I hold fellowship with my kind to do nothing unsocial; nay, rather in all things to act up to the interests of my race. By thus acting, like the citizen who performs his part, I shall needs prove happy.

All that the world contains must decay, or, in other words, change. If this be a defect, the parts must be badly arranged to prove so prone to alteration. Now, nature either meant what was evil to her creation, or she was forced to incur it; neither is probable. Putting providence aside, if it be said that matters are thus constituted, and change of themselves, how absurd were complaint? The elements only are dispersed, what is of earth returns to earth, what is of the air to air. The body hath not so subsisted from the first, or as thy mother bore; its parts are but of yesterday, from the food thou hast swallowed, or the air thou hast breathed. And were it even otherwise, it would not impeach the truth of what has been said.

Hast borne the reputation of a modest, truth-telling, magnanimous man; take care, then, thou dost not abuse it; but if thou dost swerve, quickly regain thy lost ground. Be mindful that prudence demands consideration and careful inquiry; equanimity, submission to the order of providence. Greatness of mind requires indifference to the pains and pleasures of sense—to glory, death, and all reputed ills. So thou hast the reality, thoult not be ambitious of the name, but will become another man, and lead a new life. To be harrassed and polluted as thou wast, is to betray a senseless fondness for life; not unlike

those unhappy combatants in the circus, who, mangled and half devoured by savage beasts, would fain live till the morrow, although to encounter the same fate. Only prove true to thyself, then, and thoult be as one transported to the islands of the blest. But if unable fully to succeed, retire where thou mayest, perchance, prevail; or, if needful, be prepared to quit the world, not swoln with pride, indeed, but simply, freely, modestly, so that in this, at least, thou hast done well. God asks no flattery at thy hands, but only that, as a reasonable being, thou shouldst resemble him, just as the bee is known by its honey, the tree by its fruit, and man by his works.

An' thou givest not heed, these public entertainments, with wars abroad, folly and fraud at home, will blot out those sacred maxims founded on the contemplation of nature, from thy soul. Observe and act in all things, combining energy with reflection, so that thou mayest be true to thyself, nor keep thy faculties in the shade. Thoult fare all the better for thy gravity and simplicity; will better appreciate the value and utility of whatever comes before thee—the likelihood of its duration, those who give, and those who take away.

The spider exults when she hath caught a fly—one man if he have entrapped a little hare—another, a wild beast, or a Sarmatian—robbers all!

Nothing is more calculated to ensure greatness of mind, than the observation of perpetual change. He who doeth this, hath, in a manner, put off the body; and, knowing how soon he must away, is just in all his dealings, as well as resigned to the conditions to which nature subjects him. Whatever any one may think, or do, or say, his only concern is to act aright, to be contented with what befals. He hath cast aside every trouble and care, and desireth but to walk according to the law of God.

Why be solicitous about the event, hast only to act

justly, and let nothing turn thee aside? But if opposed, and otherwise uncertain, pause, be well advised, and proceed as thou art able, ever aiming at the goal. With this there can be no real failure, and thou wilt ever be cheerful, at leisure, and composed.

Ask, when thou wakest, how far another's justice or goodness can avail thee—not much. Hast forgotten who they are that take upon them to praise or blame; what they are at bed and board—what they seek and what they shun? How they steal and snatch away, not indeed with hands and feet, but with that better part, by which a man, if he will, may insure good-faith, truth, modesty, justice—in a word, the divinity within.

To God who gives, and God who takes away, the well-instructed and faithful soul will say—give what thou wilt, take away what thou wilt; but with all obedience, submission, and good-will.

Live what remains to thee, as if thou wert in a mountain solitude; what does it matter here or there, the universe is thy home. Live then, according to nature; if men cannot bear thee, let them put thee to death, for it were better to die than live as they do.

Talk no more about what constitutes a good man; be one.

What were space and time, but as the grain of corn, or turn of a drill?

Consider all around; how shortly they will change, decay, and die?

Who and what are they when eating, sleeping, and the rest of it; then behold them, puffed up, foaming, and abusing. To how many vices were they lately slaves; and what, after a little, will they become?

Whatever providence sends, as well as when it is sent, is best.

Earth loves the refreshing shower; the lofty ether, the

earth; nature, too, loves what she doeth; therefore shall I say to nature, whatever thou lovest I too shall love.

Thou art living here, and so art used to it; or thou goest hence, and so there is an end. There can be nothing more, so be of good cheer.

The country is much like other places; so is it with the mountain top and wild sea shore; for, as Plato observes, the city wall and the shepherd's fold, after all, are on a par.

How fares it with my soul; what am I doing with it, and to what purposes is it applied? Is it concerned for the common weal; or hath it made common cause with the flesh and its ways?

He that flies his master is a runaway; now the law is lord and master of us all, and he who transgresses is a runaway. So likewise is he who is grieved, or angry, or afraid, at whatever happens, has happened, or will happen, of the things which are ordered by him who orders all things, and who is himself the law, appointing to each his due. Whoever fears, or grieves, or is angry, then, is a runaway.

The germ of life is cast into the womb; another power receives it, goes to work, and lo, an infant is formed. Now, it is born, is fed, whereupon sensation, motion, being. These thou mayest perceive darkly, as through a mist, not with the eyes of the body, indeed, but those of the soul.

Bethink thee how all things are the same; that whatever is now was so before, and will be so again. Place before thy eyes the events of history, as thy own experience; the drama is alike. Adrian, Antoninus, Philip, Alexander, Crœsus; the play was the same, but the actors were different.

He who frets or grieves at any occurrence, is like the beast in the sacrifice, who quarrels with the axe. He is much the same who laments because he is sick or abed.

The reasonable man makes a virtue of necessity; but the other yields only to force.

Consider the satisfactions one by one which life affords, and ask thyself if death be terrible because it deprives thee of them.

When aggrieved by any one, think whether thou hast not erred in like manner—whether thou hast not esteemed money, or pleasure, or glory, a good. By so doing, thoult get rid of thy anger, wilt perceive, that being in a manner forced, the offender could do no otherwise; do thou, then, abate the constraint.

Seeing Satyrion, the follower of Socrates, think of Eutyches or Hymen; Euphrates, Eutychion or Sylvanus; Alciphron, Tropeophorus; Xenophon, Crito or Severus; and when thou lookest into thyself, think of the emperors that went before; where are they now—thou knowest not. Mist and smoke are we all; what hath once changed will be seen no more; how small the space we occupy? 'Tis enough to act with propriety, or wilt thou throw away the chance of improvement? What is all we pass through, as regards the occurrences of life and the course of nature, but exercises for the reason within? Pause, then, till thou hast gained the mastery, just as a good digestion assimilates all nourishment, or a fire gains light and splendour from what is cast upon it.

Let no one have it in his power to say of thee, that thou wast not single-minded and true; or, if he do say it, let it be an error, for it is in thy own power. Who hindereth thee from being just and true; it were better to die than to be otherwise.

Whatever were best to do or say, do and say; make no excuse, for nothing opposes. Thou wouldst have duty a pleasure, as if acting up to nature were not sufficient. A cylinder moves as a cylinder ought; water, fire, comport themselves after their wont, and why not a human soul?

It is before thy eyes how readily the mind works—just as readily as the flame rises, the stone falls, or a ball rolleth down the hill. Seek no more. Hindrances flow from the soulless body, or are mere matter of opinion, incapable of injuring, else he who suffered would become evil. In other matters, indeed, a hurt is a hurt; but a man may be the better of his cross, and turn whatever happens to account. In a word, things that do not trench upon the universe or its laws, cannot prove hurtful to the dwellers therein: now, misfortunes so termed, infringe nothing.

To him whose mind is properly ordered, a word will often serve to expel both fear and sorrow.

> "Some leaves upon the earth the rude blasts fling;
> Nature brings others with the verdant spring;
> Such is the race of man—so springing, withering."

Children are as leaves; and what are they, who, with such pretentious pomp, sing the praises or utter the condemnation of their fellows? Who are they too, who are to preserve thy name, leaves still, which appearing in the spring are scattered by the wind, while the teeming wood yields more? The same brief moments are common to all; yet dost thou shun or court them, as if their duration were eternal. A little delay, and the light shall be hidden from thee; a little more, and he who bears thee out, another shall bewail.

The sound eye is ready for all sights, therefore when it asks for green it surely ails. The senses should be satisfied with every impression, the stomach with every food; shall the mind alone be unprepared for what comes or goes? O that my children may be preserved; that others may praise what I do! Vain requests; it is but as the eye which longs for what is green, the tooth that covets tender fare.

There is no one so fortunate that some will not rejoice when he is dead. Was he prudent and wise; now, they

exclaim, we shall take our ease, Sir Oracle is no more; he was not so strict, indeed, but he harboured ill-will against us at bottom: and so the good man fares. As regards myself how many would be glad I were away. Reflect, then, that thou art about to quit a life and associates for whom thou hast wrought and struggled sore, and who, perchance, will not the less exult when thou art gone. Who, then, would wish to pause; but art thou to prove less social and even-minded than before? Do not, indeed, leave the world like one turned out of existence, but gently and evenly let thy soul depart. What nature has joined, she now disjoins: I shall go willingly, not per force, for death is not less a part of nature than life.

Look into those about thee, and see what their conduct means; let thy inquiries, however, begin with thyself.

Remember thou art impelled by what is within; there lies the conviction—the life—in a word, the man. Dont lay much account by this clay vessel, these organs, thy tools; what were they without the power which urges them, any more than a shuttle without a weaver, a pen without the writer, or a lash without a hand to wield it.

BOOK XI.

'Tis the property of the soul that she should behold, judge, decide for herself. The tree yields fruit, the animal labour, but the soul enjoys what she hath created, whether life prove short or long. A play holds on to the close, but the soul is ever ready: she hath realized all that she desires. She ranges through the universe and the void beyond, considers the extent, duration, and periods

of the whole, and plainly perceives that those who come after her shall see nothing new, any more than those who lived before. One of forty years, hath, in a measure, seen all that is past and to come. It behoves us to love our neighbours, to be modest and true, and to respect the soul above all things. This is the law; reason and justice are the same.

Thou mayest despise the song and the dance, as well as the exercises of the circus if thou wilt; for could sights and sounds like these tickle thee, wert ashamed to own it. Look into the other affairs of life, virtue alone, thoult find, will bear the scrutiny.

How surpassing the soul which is willing to leave the world, and be disposed of as providence shall assign. Not with obstinacy, indeed, but calmly, evenly, so as to furnish an example to all.

Hast done the world a service, thou hast served thyself, so pause not.

What's thy business—virtue. Now, how is this to be realized, save by reflecting on the dispensations of providence, and the destination of mankind.

Tragedies were designed as a sort of memorial of events, and to shew that what pleases us on the stage should not disgust in reality. Thou seest what thou hast to put up with, complain as thou wilt. "Alas! Cithero," exclaims the man in Sophocles; and thus Euripedes—"If God neglect me and mine, 'tis not without a reason—ne'er quarrel with what happens; life like the ripened grain is shorn away." Then came comedy in its various forms, employed even by Diogenes, freely lashing the vices of the great; and though ending in grimace at last, proving that life is no better than the play.

Be well persuaded that no position is more calculated for the practice of wisdom, than that in which thou dost find thyself.

Break a branch from the bough, and thou dost sever it from the tree; thus one man separated from another, in so far is severed from his kind. The branch is sundered by another, but the man who hates his fellows, does the deed, and cuts himself off from the society to which he belongs. Through the goodness of God, indeed, we may regain what we have lost; but if we often separate, the union will be less perfect, just as the graft is less closely united than the bud which grew with the tree.

Since those who oppose, are unable to turn thee from the path of right reason, so neither let them turn thee from just affections towards them. Be constant in both, however much they would thwart and oppose thee. It were a weakness to grow angry or desist from what is right. They are deserters alike who fly their post, or turn their back on their race and kind.

Nature is not below art; the latter but follows the former; that which is perfect and finished, cannot yield to other skill. The inferior are subject to the superior, throughout nature; hence justice and all the virtues. But these cannot sway, if thou be'st inclined to what is inferior, easily deceived, inconstant, vain.

If things which we seek or shun, neither advance nor retire, restrain thy judgment concerning them, and thou thyself, wilt neither seek nor shun them any more.

The soul is complete in all its parts, when it aspires to nothing beyond itself; yields to nothing, but shines with the light of truth—the light that is within.

Does any one despise thee, let him; be thine the care to do nothing worthy of despite. Does any one hate, what is that to thee, thou needst not hate in return; but free from reproach, and, like Phocion, with unaffected patience, point out his error. Let it be seen as before God, that thou art one whom nothing frets, nothing annoys. Where is the evil so long as thou dost conform

to nature; wilt not receive what providence awards, O thou who art framed to promote the common weal.

Be not as some who hate, yet fawn; who fain to aspire, yet fall.

How vain and shallow the pretence—I'll deal fairly and openly by thee. Why profess—will thy deeds not be seen? Let thy thoughts, indeed, be written on thy forehead—let thy sentiments shine in thy eyes, even as love shews itself in the looks of him who loves. Let a man be so simple and earnest, as to force conviction on those around. The semblance of sincerity is base; the wolf is not more odious than a hollow friend. The good, the gentle, the wise, display their virtues without concealment in their eyes.

The soul may be at ease if it will; let it only be indifferent to what is indifferent; let it only see things as they are, and bear in mind that they can but affect us according to the opinions which we frame of them. It is we ourselves, who draw conclusions and adopt them; let us not bind our souls to them; or if they make their secret way, let us blot them out. In a little, thy care will be at an end, and life will come to a close. Where is the difficulty of doing what is right? If agreeable to nature, rejoice, if otherwise, hasten to amend. What matter how inglorious the means, so thou dost secure the glorious end.

Hast thought how all things have arisen; what they are composed of; into what and wherefore changed, and that they need experience nothing ill.

Are we not born to aid each other; am I not myself as the shepherd over a flock? To go further, chance or providence rules. In this last case, inferior natures are designed for superior, but the superior for each other.

Consider those around thee, how they act, slaves to opinion and themselves.

If they do aright, why be angry; if the reverse, it is against their knowledge and consent, for who would not

willingly abide by what is true. Thus to charge another with ingratitude, injustice, covetousness, is needlessly to sting him to the quick.

Hast no faults of thine own; does it not concern thy character to refrain from what is wrong?

Perchance they have not erred at all; motives are many, and we should be well informed ere we arraign the conduct of others.

When vexed and angry, remember that life is but a span, and that in a little we shall lie stretched in our graves.

'Tis not so much what others do as the conclusions which we draw, that disturb us. Away with them, then, and thy anger is no more. Nothing is evil but what is bad; if thou thinkest otherwise, dost lapse into many a sin.

Resentment and regret lead but to greater evils than themselves.

Unfeigned gentleness is invincible, for what injury can even the most insolent inflict, provided we maintain an even regard, and do but accost him with—how now, my son, we were born to help, not to injure one another. I am not hurt, thou dost but injure thyself—bees do not sting, or herds gore each other. Only let it be done, whether alone or before others, without affectation or reproach.

Remember these points, and be a man while thou canst, and dost yet breathe. Be on thy guard against flattery; recollect that anger is effeminate, and that mildness is at once more manly and humane. This, indeed, is strength, and nerves, and courage, not so strife and contention. He who displays most calmness, hath also most power. Sorrow and anger are but weaknesses; we are wounded and so give way.

To think the wicked will not do amiss were to rave; they cannot help it. To suffer them to injure others and expect they will let thee alone, is not less cowardly than absurd.

Assail each evil quality as it appears, with—thou hast no business here; thou art unsocial; thou shalt not have a place in my heart: wouldst subject what is divine to what is base, what is immortal to what is mortal, the soul to the senses—away!

Thy celestial portion though fain to mount, holds the place assigned to it; so that which is of earth, earthly, maintains a station not its own. Thus, while life remains, the elements hold on till the signal arrives for their dissolution. Is it not sad then, that borne away in an opposite direction, the mind alone should be dissatisfied, though nothing inconsistent with nature be required of her? For what is injustice or debauchery, dread or fear, but a departure from nature; and is it not to abandon her appointed station when the mind frets or repines at any thing that befals? She is designed for piety and equanimity, not less than for justice and truth; they are branches of human excellence of older standing than even justice itself.

He who does not aim at one constant object cannot be uniform in conduct; nor is it sufficient till we learn in what the object consists. The same opinions are not held by all, except as relates to the public good. Let thy object, then, be the good of the community and of the world. Now he who aims at this will be even in his conduct, ever the same.

Remember the story of the mouse in the fable—his fear and trepidation.

Socrates esteemed vulgar notions in the light of bugbears to frighten children.

The Spartans at their entertainments, shielded strangers from the sun, but stood it out themselves as might happen.

Socrates excused himself to Perdiccas; "I cannot go to thee," he said, "lest I should perish as one who receives, without making a return."

Let us call to mind, with Epicurus, the virtues of former days.

The Pythagoreans advised us when we rose, to look at the heavens and see how the dwellers therein performed their everlasting work; how orderly they were, how pure, how undisguised, for the stars are never veiled.

Socrates clad himself in skins when Xantippe carried away his cloak, laughing off the matter to his friends who would fain have withdrawn on seeing him thus disguised.

If we must know ere we teach, is it less needful to obey ere we rule?

"Art a sorry slave and canst not speak; my fond heart laughed within; e'en virtue's self they blame with harshest words."

Can we gather figs in winter; can we recal the child that is gone?

When caressing thy son, recollect, with Epictetus, that to-morrow he may die. Ah me—yet does nature work any ill; must the yellow grain not fall?

The unripe grape changes into that which it was not.

Can any one, asks Epictetus, rob thee of thy will?

He it is who teaches us how to submit; to keep our pursuits within bounds; to restrain our appetites, and to have no occasion for what is beyond our power.

The contest, therefore, as he observes, is whether we shall hold by our understandings, or forswear them.

What will ye, exclaims Socrates, minds rational or irrational; rational surely. And if rational, well regulated or otherwise; well regulated. Even so, what seek ye, then; with such minds why are ye at variance?

BOOK XII.

MAYEST gain all thou dost aim at, through so many windings, provided thou dost not grudge thyself so great a happiness. This thou mayest secure, if thoult but let the past alone, leave the future to providence, and concern thyself in all justice and piety with the present. Piety, that thou mayest be satisfied with thy lot; justice, that thou mayest declare the truth without disguise, as well as live up to the law of thy being, and the dignity of thy station. Nothing, indeed, need hinder, neither the voices nor the misconduct of others, any more than the defects of that poor body which envelops thee. Let that which suffers look to it. If now being near the close of life, thou dost abandon all else to do honour to thy soul, art not afraid to die, but only not to live as nature prompts, thoult become worthy of the universe that bore thee, no longer a stranger in thine own country, surprised at daily occurrences, or uneasy at anything that befals.

The Deity beholds our souls divested of all incumbrance; for the soul as most akin to himself, is his chief concern. And if thou, too, wouldst look to it, wouldst free thyself from many a care—from all concern about the body, house or land, name or fame.

Hast thy body, the life within, and thy soul. The two first, indeed, must be attended to, but the last deserves thy chiefest care. Cast aside, then, what others say or do, even what thou thyself hast said or done—the anxious future, whatever concerns thy body, and this passing being, which thou hast not under control, with fortune's ceaseless whirl—so that thy rational part raised beyond the power of fate, pure and free, may live the life

within, doing what is just, satisfied with what happens, and uttering the truth. If, I say, thoult put aside the passions which prey upon thee, along with all uneasiness about past or future, thoult be like the sphere of Empedocles, round as a ball, and turning on its axis, the present alone demanding thy solicitude; wilt go on to the close, free from every care, no longer at variance with heaven or thyself.

I have often wondered how each man loving himself better than another, should esteem his neighbour's suffrage so much more than his own. Were God himself, or some great teacher, to require that we should declare every thought and feeling, who could bear the scrutiny, were it even for a day? Thus it is, we set more store by the esteem of others than our own.

How could it be that the Divinity, who has arranged every thing that regards us with such consummate wisdom and love, should, notwithstanding, suffer the best and wisest, those who in works and words shew the closest commerce with him, to die and be no more? If this, indeed, were so, be also well persuaded that it would be best. What is just is always possible: if desirable, nature would assuredly realize it; but if otherwise it should not be. Seest thou, art pleading thy cause with God, which were he not both just and true, could not be; if so, there can be nothing unjust or unreasonable in his providence.

Try ever, although thou mayest not succeed. Behold how the left hand, though unfitted for many things by reason of disuse, yet excels in holding the rein.

Think of how ye shall be, body and soul, in the hour of death, for the longest life is short. Think of the eternity that is past, of that which is to come, and of the infinity of creation.

Look to the naked soul, look to intention and conduct apart—what of pleasure—what of pain—what of death—

what of glory? Every one is the source of his own troubles; nobody need be hindered by another; opinion is all.

In the application of our maxims we should be like the athlet, not the gladiator. The latter uses a sword which bytimes he lets fall, and forthwith is slain; but the other has his hands about him, and is always ready for his work.

Look into things, and see what they are made of, as well as what they subserve.

What a glorious privilege is that of man, that he need do nothing that God does not will; nor even desire anything that God does not appoint.

Whatever happens in the course of nature, blame not the Deity; for willingly or unwillingly, he can do nothing wrong. Neither accuse thou man, for it is beside his will; therefore, blame no one.

How absurd and inexperienced it were to be surprised at aught that befals?

A blind fatality, or a merciful providence, sits at the helm. If the former, why strive against it; if the latter, be deserving of the divine assistance. Were there naught, indeed, but implacable necessity, hast not thy soul to guide and sustain thee in the whirlpool, although thy body and the breath which animates it, were submerged in the struggle?

The lamp, unless put out, shines on with unabated lustre to the last; shall the truth within thee, justice, temperance, and great-mindedness, then, be extinguished before the close?

Art sure when some one hath sinned, that it is really so? Perchance conscience already smites the offender, and 'tis as if he had torn his own flesh. To expect that the vicious man should not err, were to expect that the fig-tree should not bear fruit, that a child should not cry,

or a horse neigh. Cure him if thou canst, else put up with him.

If it be wrong, dont do it; if untrue, dont say it. Be this thy rule.

See to that which strikes thy fancy, its nature, course, and term.

Come, there is that within thee which savours of the Divinity—which agitates thee quite otherwise than wires do a puppet. Is it fear, lust, jealousy—no!

Do nothing without a purpose, and that purpose the good of thy race.

In a very little, all that thou seest, all that has life, will be no more. And why, but that that which decays may be changed, that that which is old may be renewed.

Opinion is all; keep it under control, then, for it depends on thyself; and as when one has weathered a stormy cape, and passed into a smooth sea, all will be calm and still.

The act that fulfils its term, and the agent thereof, incur no loss. So where is the evil when life, which is a series of acts, draws to a close; does he who dies suffer aught when his time has come? One man may depart early, another live to advanced age, but the day and the hour are fixed by God. Thus by changes in its parts, is the world preserved ever fresh and young; so the cessation of life is no evil, for what is there scandalous in death? There is nothing unsocial in it, for it is beyond our power. It is a good, inasmuch as it is in the course of providence, and agreeable to the constitution of the universe. Thus is he led by the hand of God, to whom God shews the way, and who follows with a willing heart.

Do nothing rashly nor otherwise than as justice requires. Now outward occurrences depend on chance or providence; who should quarrel with the one, or throw blame upon the other? What is man from his conception to his

birth,—from birth to death; whence does he come, and whither does he go? If thou couldst wing thy flight heaven-ward, and from on high behold the affairs of earth, with the dwellers in starry ether, thou wouldst but see the same again and again, of brief continuance, nothing to be vain of.

Cast aside false conceptions and thoult be safe: now who hindereth thee?

When thou dost grieve, dost also forget that every thing comes through the providence of God: that another man's fault is not thine; that whatever happens has happened and will happen to the end of time; that all mankind, if not by blood and race, yet through their common intelligence, are akin; that thy very soul is from God; that nothing, were it even our children, our bodies, or our lives, is our own; that opinion is every thing, and that we can but live or lose the present moment.

Think of those whom passion once so transported, of those who were distinguished by their sufferings or their station. What are they now; dust and ashes, a forgotten dream! What of Fabius Catullinus, of Lucius Lupus, Stertinius Tiberius, Velius Rufus, and the rest? How insignificant the prizes for which they struggled; how much more worthy justice, temperance, with the simple, unaffected worship of God?

To those who ask, "hast seen God at any time; how knowest thou his existence, or wherefore dost thou worship?" I reply—"do I not behold his works, and do I not honour my own soul, which I cannot see." So long, therefore, as I experience the power and wisdom of the Almighty, shall I acknowledge and worship him.

Our well-being depends on detecting the form, the nature, and the sources of what surrounds us; to act justly, and speak the truth with heart and soul; for the rest, so

to enjoy life, adding one good deed to another, as to leave no space between.

There is but one sun, though light be broken and diffused by so many objects; one substance, though divided among so many bodies; one life, though living beings be numberless; one God, though so many share his bounty.

Form and substance would never hold together without a ruling intelligence and a common principle of action. The soul of man adheres to what is akin, nor can its social tendencies ever be destroyed.

What wouldst thou—is it merely to live, to be? Or, if this is not enough, wilt go to the last, best, and follow reason, as thy God? But thou canst not truly reverence the one, if thou dost complain that death is about to deprive thee of the other.

How inconsiderable the fragment of eternal time which belongs to us; how quickly doth it pass away; on how poor a clod of earth do we creep; how small the particle of matter, and how minute the portion of the universal spirit which is allotted to us? Think of this, and thoult perceive that there is nothing truly great, except to act as nature appoints and the Almighty dictates.

What wilt thou with thy soul? This is the first consideration and the last; as for the rest, whether at thy disposal or otherwise, 'tis but ashes and decay.

Wouldst despise death; recollect that those who made pleasure the only good, pain the only evil, despised it also.

He who likes no time so well as that which is fixed by providence, whose reason is content with the line of conduct which lies open to him, and whether he live many years or few, need never fear to quit the world.

O thou who dwellest in this great city of the universe, although thy years be few, if spent justly and well it is

the same. There is naught to dread—no tyrant, no unjust ruler, but God himself, who gives and takes away, leads thee hence. He who willed the scene now brings it to an end; what matters it if thou hast not witnessed the whole. The same directed the beginning, now directs the close—thou hadst no concern in either. Go, then, in peace, for he who sent thee is merciful and kind.

MANUAL OF EPICTETUS.

MANUAL OF EPICTETUS.

Some things, as opinion, appetite, desire, aversion, conduct, depend upon us; but others, as the body, fame, riches, power, do not. The former by their nature are free and unconstrained, whereas, the latter are weak, servile, subject to hindrance and opposition. Remember, then, if thou dost suppose things to be free which are really otherwise, and things thy own which are not thine own, thou shalt meet with trouble, grief, care, and blame both God and man. Avoid this error and no one shall constrain, no one oppose thee; thou shalt neither accuse nor blame any one; shalt do nothing against thy will; shalt experience neither hurt nor injury, for thou wilt have no enemy. Such being the objects of pursuit, it is to be remembered that moderate efforts will not obtain them; some things must be given up, and others laid aside for the time. If, however, thou wouldst possess not only these, but riches and station also, perchance thou mayest fail in the latter by reason of aiming at the former; whilst, assuredly, thoult fail in securing liberty and happiness.

When something harsh assails thee, recollect that it is but a phantom, and not what it seems; put it to the test, then, and see if it be among the things which depend on thyself, or those which do not. If it be the latter, it is nothing to thee.

Desire promises the fulfilment of its object, aversion the reverse; he, therefore, who fails in the former or incurs the latter, is unhappy. If, then, dost confine thy dislike to what lies within thy power, thou canst never be assailed by anything thou dost dread; but if thou fliest disease, or death, or poverty, must, of necessity, prove miserable. Transfer thy aversion, then, from things which do not depend on thee, to those which fall within thy control. Lay desire for the present aside, for if thou dost aim at what is beyond thy power, must needs be wretched. If thou wouldst possess that which is fair and good, 'tis not as yet thy turn to succeed; but whether thou dost pursue what is desirable, or avoid that which is otherwise, conduct thyself with calmness, prudence, and reserve.

As regards things useful or pleasurable, remember what they are, beginning with the least important. Art fond of an earthen vase; 'tis well, but do not despair if it should be broken. Dost love wife or child; recollect that wife and child may die, so that thou mayest not prove miserable?

If about to undertake anything, think beforehand in what it consists. Art going to bathe, bring to mind the occurrences of the bath—the splashing, jostling, abuse, theft. Thoult manage the business better, if thou dost recollect that it was not only to bathe, but also to act aright that thou didst go. And this with regard to other matters; but thou canst not both succeed and quarrel with the course of events.

Men are fretted not so much with what happens, as with their notions thereon. Were death, for instance, terrible, it must have been so to Socrates; but in truth, it is only what we think of it that is terrible. When, therefore, we are accused or troubled, let us not accuse others but ourselves—that is to say, our opinions. The uninstructed, indeed, blame others, when aught assails

them; the half-instructed, themselves; the well-instructed, no one.

Be not elated with questionable advantages. A horse might pride himself on his looks, but this were intolerable in a man. When thou dost employ thy faculties, indeed, as nature dictates, there is ground for satisfaction, for it is an excellence within thy control.

As in a voyage, when the ship puts into port, and thou dost go ashore to procure water or other necessaries, give close heed to the ship, so that when the pilot hails, thou mayest depart without constraint. Thus, in the course of life, be prepared to quit wife and child when the governor of the universe calls; but, if far on in years, be ever ready, so that thou mayest not be wanting when the signal comes.

Do not wish events to be otherwise than they are, but take them just as they come, and it shall be well with thee.

Sickness is a hindrance to the body but none to the soul; lameness may cause the foot to stumble, but not the head. Reflect, and thoult perceive whatever obstacle events may prove to others, they need be none to thee.

Whatever happens, retire within thyself and see how thou mayest best encounter it. If beauty tempt, thoult find continence a remedy; if pain assail, hardihood will come to thy deliverance: thus, confirmed by practice, false notions will cease to have any power over thee.

Never say thou hast lost anything, but only restored it. Thus, thy child hath died—thou hast restored him; possessions have been ravished from thee—these, too, thou hast restored. But the spoiler was wicked; even so, what matters it through whose hands the giver resumes his gifts. Care for them as belonging to another, much as the traveller would for his inn.

Art desirous of improving, thou must put away such thoughts as—if I do not take heed I shall be penniless—

if this boy be not restrained, he will prove troublesome. It were better to die of hunger than be oppressed with grief and care in the midst of plenty; better thy boy should turn out indifferently, than that thou shouldst be ill at ease on his account. Begin with trifles. Oil has been spilled or the wine stolen—it is so much payment for exemption from trouble and care. Hast called thy boy—perchance he may not come, or if he come, may not obey: is it right, therefore, that he should disturb thy tranquillity?

An' thou wouldst improve, be not surprised if thou shouldst be deemed mad for thy pains. Do not wish to seem learned; if esteemed so by others distrust thyself; for it is not easy to act according to nature, and have an eye to external advantages. He that would secure the one, must of necessity neglect the other.

It were unwise to expect that wife, or child, or friend, should live for ever; dost desire that to depend on thee which does not depend on thee, and that to be thine which is not thine? Wouldst have thy servant faultless—that which is frail to be no longer frail? An' thou wouldst not be disappointed, hold fast by what is in thy power.

He is truly the master who can take away or preserve what I seek or shun. He then, that would be free must neither seek nor shun what lies at the disposal of another, else he is a slave.

Comport thyself as at a feast, when the dishes are carried round, helping thyself in moderation, nor detaining them as they pass. So let it be with wife and child, riches and dignities, and thou wilt prove thyself worthy of a heavenly feast; and if thou canst further refrain, to share in a measure the empire of the Divinity. Such were Diogenes, Heraclitus, and others, whose deserts were equal to their renown.

When some one weeps because his child is dead and

his property spent, do not be hurried away with the notion that the man has really incurred the evils which he deplores. For see, it is not so much the misfortune over which he grieves, as the opinion which he has formed of it. Thou art bound, indeed, to comfort him, but not to share his erroneous impressions.

Remember that the part which the actor has to perform depends on the author of the piece, who alone determines whether it shall be short or long. If he assign the part of a cripple or a slave, 'tis thy business to conform. In every case, then, whether as leader or follower, 'tis thy duty to perform well, but what thou art to perform is assigned by another.

Let the raven croak, it can portend no ill to thee.

Mayest fail in fame or fortune—wife or child may die, but, as regards thyself, 'tis in thy power to turn every portent to account.

Mayest be invincible if thou dost engage in no combat in which the issue does not depend on thyself.

When thou beholdest any one loaded with honours, dignities, and all seeming prosperity, see that mere externals do not lead thee to pronounce him happy. For if happiness depend on things within thy reach, envy and emulation are alike superfluous. Therefore, desire neither station nor dignities, but to be free. Now there is but one road to this, that is, not to set a value on what is beyond thy power.

Remember, it is not so much he who abuses thee, that is author of the contumely, as thy own conclusions thereon. When any one, therefore, seeks to annoy thee, it is only in opinion that the insult resides. Gain but a little time, a little delay, and thou art master as before.

Keep death, and flight, and other evils, but more especially death, ever before thee, so shalt thou avoid vain desires, and banish all mean thoughts for ever.

An' thou wouldst be wise, prepare to be laughed at, and set down by many as a fool. "How now, philosopher," they exclaim, "whence this vanity?" Do not be vain, indeed, but stick by what is just and true, even as if thou hadst a mission from God; and by and by those who derided before, will esteem thee as one divine. But once thou dost succumb, wilt become doubly ridiculous.

Hast turned thy attention to externals—wouldst abandon thy position to please others? Try, indeed, to love wisdom in all things; if thou wouldst seem wise, be so.

Ne'er trouble thyself because thou art obscure and lowly; for if it be indeed an evil, it is no more in the power of others to inflict it than disgrace. But is it any part of thy business to enjoy authority or sit up at entertainments; it is only in things that depend on thyself that thou art required to be of importance. But thy friends will remain unassisted—what dost mean by unassisted? They will not, perchance, gain money or the freedom of the city; but who said these belonged to thee—that they were not in the possession of another: can a man bestow what he hath not? Get, then, that thou mayest give. Truly so, if without impeachment to honour, good-faith, and magnanimity—point out the way and I shall begin; but it is at once unjust and absurd to require me to throw away my greatest good, that others may obtain what in itself is worthless. Which wouldst thou, silver and gold, or a true and faithful friend? Rather assist me to remain so, than require that which will cause me to be so no more. But thy country receives no help at thy hands—what help? I have not erected baths, indeed, or a porch: shoes are not furnished by a worker in brass, nor shields by a cobbler; 'tis enough if every one perform his allotted task. Is it nothing to be upright, faithful, true—does this disserve one's country? But thy place, thy place in the community? Just whatever I am able consistently with

faith and good principle to maintain. If on pretence of serving our fellows we part with honour and honesty, where is the gain?

Is any one placed before thee at the feast, saluted or advised with in preferance, rejoice that this good hath befallen him; but if it be not a good, do not solace thyself with having escaped it. An' thou wilt not take the pains which others do, to obtain such things, thou needst not expect an equal share. Wouldst place thyself on a level with those whose occupation it is to praise the great and besiege their doors? Art at once covetous and unjust if thou wouldst procure for nothing that which is set up at a price. A lettuce costs a penny; some one buys and bears it away. Thou hast the money, if not the lettuce: hast not paid, so neither hast thou received; what wouldst thou more? Art uninvited to the feast; 'tis well, thou hast not paid the price. Now flattery, adulation, is the price; give it and be invited, or refuse and stay away. Wouldst secure a return without the cost; greed and folly all! But hast thou nothing in place of the feast; is it nothing not to have to praise whom thou art unwilling to praise—nothing to forego the insolence of the antechamber?

The intention of nature is to be learned from things respecting which there is no difference of opinion. A neighbour's child breaks a wine-cup; well, what of that—is it not an equal trifle in thine own case? 'Tis the same, as regards greater matters. Such a one's wife and child are dead; this, we say, is the lot of man. Thy turn comes next, and lo, thou dost exclaim—unhappy me! Let us only bear in mind what we feel when we hear these things of another.

As a mark is not set up to be missed, so evil is not the intent of nature in the world. Wouldst not suffer thy body to be ill-treated, yet art not ashamed to permit thy

soul to be confused, and put out of sorts when any one thinks proper to abuse thee. Consider the hindrances as well as the end of all thou wouldst undertake, otherwise, heedless of the issue, and reckless of the cost, thou wilt be overwhelmed at the event.

Wouldst conquer in the Olympic games; so would I, God willing, for it confers renown. But consider the obstacles and possible results, ere thou dost begin. Must live by rule; eat what is disagreeable; refrain from delicacies; labour per force, during heat and cold—in a word, obey, as thou wouldst a physician, the man who trains thee. Now for the struggle; dost sprain wrist or ancle, perchance bite the dust, or infringe the rules, and art punished, after all to be vanquished. Consider these things, and go on if thou wilt; otherwise, with childish inconstancy, wouldst now be a wrestler, now an orator, now a philosopher, but with thy whole heart nothing; without consideration or design, aping one thing or another, just as it strikes thy fancy. Dost resemble those, who, having seen a philosopher, or heard Euphrates speak, for who would not speak like him, forthwith play the philosopher likewise. What wouldst thou man—study nature if thou canst. Wouldst be a wrestler; 'tis well, look to thy thews and sinews, for every one is not formed alike—or, better still, a philosopher. Dost suppose in this case thoult be able to pamper thyself as at present? No, by heaven; thou must watch by night and toil by day; it may be, part from home and friends—contemned by thy inferiors—held in disesteem; in a word, come off indifferently in whatever thou dost engage. Reflect, then, and see whether thou art resolved to make the good purchase of freedom, resignation, and tranquillity. Wherefore this childish uncertainty? Hast a character to form for good or for ill—must improve the man within or the world without—the interior or the exterior—in a word, be a philosopher or a fool.

Our conduct is measured by our relations. As regards a father—'tis thy duty to cherish him, to submit to him, to put up with his reproaches and corrections. Thy father, it may be, is bad, but nature does not therefore absolve thee; he is still thy father. Thy brother is unjust, perchance; what is that to thee? Do thou what is right; reason sanctions, nature commands it. No one can injure thee, short of thy own consent; evil will ne'er befal thee unless thou dost fancy it. Thus wilt thou determine thy duty by thy neighbour and thyself.

Piety to God consists in entertaining correct conceptions, not only as regards his existence, but his most just and merciful providence; in being prepared to obey and submit to him in all things, as well as to esteem every dispensation the result of unfailing wisdom and power. Thus wilt thou never blame, never accuse him of having neglected thee. Now, this thou canst not do, unless thou dost forsake what is not in thy power, and place good and evil in that which is. For if thou dost measure either by the former, it must necessarily happen so often as thy desires are frustrated or thy aversions realized, that thou shalt denounce the author of thy calamity. It is the part of every living creature to hate and avoid whatever seems evil as well as the causes of it; on the other hand, to follow and admire whatever appears advantageous. For it is clearly impossible that any one should rejoice in an injury, much more in the doer of it. Hence a son blameth his father because the latter doth not impart to him more of what he deemeth desirable. Thus Polynices and Eteocles strove; for both placed their happiness in reigning. So the husbandman, the mariner, the merchant, and he who loseth wife and child, come to accuse God. Now, piety is promoted by the conviction of benefits received; therefore, regulate thy desires and aversions

by whatever duty dictates, and sacrifice in all things only as reason prescribes, neither carelessly, nor indifferently, nor yet beyond thy strength.

When thou wouldst penetrate into the future, although thou canst not exactly determine what shall happen, thou mayest, if wise, be always certain of its quality. For if it be of the things which do not depend on ourselves, it can neither prove good nor ill. Do not, then, approach the future with longing or aversion, else thou wilt approach with terror. Whatever may happen need be of no moment, for no living power can hinder thee from turning it to account. Be stout of heart, for the future belongs to God; he shall advise thee, and wilt thou disobey? Confide in God, then, as Socrates urges, in those cases in which human reason cannot clear up the event. It requires no oracle to shew that thou shouldst assist friend or country, let the issue, whether death or banishment, be what it may. Remember him who was driven from the shrine of Apollo because he would not help a friend.

Lay down a rule of conduct which thou art to observe whether alone or in society.

Be silent, for the most part; but, if obliged to speak, let it be with reserve. When it comes to thy turn, indeed, converse if thou wilt, taking care to avoid low, degrading topics. But especially beware when speaking of other men, that thou dost not make them subjects of praise or blame. Turn the discourse, if thou canst, into something edifying; but, if surrounded by strangers it were better to hold thy peace.

Do not laugh much, nor on many occasions, nor heedlessly.

Avoid oaths, if not wholly, at least so far as may be.

Decline entertainments, whether public or private; but,

if thou shouldst be present, see thou dost not fall into vulgar ways. If thy companions be tainted, thou needest not hope to escape, though otherwise pure.

Provide for the wants of the body, but so as not to trench on those of the soul; as regards pomp and luxury, eschew them utterly.

Shun all excess before marriage; but do not upbraid the incontinent, much less take credit for thy own forbearance.

If told thou wast spoken ill of, do not try to refute what is said; but merely observe that if thy accuser had known thee better, he might have charged thee with more.

Do not haunt public spectacles, but if thou shouldst be there, take things as they occur, wishing nothing to happen that does not happen, nor any one to prevail beyond another. Thus avoiding shouting, laughter, and vain applause, thoult maintain thy tranquillity. And when all is over, do not talk about it, for this can be productive of no advantage, and only serves to prove thou wast enchanted with the shew.

Do not affect the rehearsals of sophists and others, but maintain gravity and tranquillity without offence.

If on the eve of any business, more especially with the great, reflect how Socrates or Zeno would have conducted themselves. By so doing, thoult get through the matter in hand with prudence and propriety.

When about to call on some one of exalted station, reflect that thou mayest not find him within, or if within, that he may not choose to be seen; perchance the doors are closed, or thou mayest be dismissed with contempt. But if it be proper to go, thou shouldst put up with the sleight; ne'er say it was not worth thy while, for this evinces a base looking to the end.

Do not in conversation, enlarge too much on the ex-

ploits which thou hast performed or the dangers thou hast run; for however sweet to recal the memory of by-gone perils, it may not be equally agreeable to those who hear thee.

Beware lest thou excite laughter; familiarity breeds contempt.

Shun indecent converse, and when thou canst, reprove it; at least, by silence and the expression of thy countenance, evince disapprobation.

When any pleasure strikes thy fancy, take time for deliberation, lest it hurry thee away. Reflect how long thou hast to enjoy it, as well as the reproaches and regret which shall assail thee when it is no more. Contrast with this, the satisfaction and self-approval which abstinence ensures. Even if the indulgence should not seem mistimed, beware of its allurements; how preferable the consciousness of having overcome?

When a thing is to be done do it, whatever others may say to the contrary; but if it should not be done, dont do it, and thou needst fear no false accuser?

Canst not say 'tis day or 'tis night in a breath; neither canst thou snatch up the provisions at a feast, since however agreeable to thy palate, it were unfair to thy entertainer and his guests.

An' thou dost attempt a flight beyond thy powers, thoult fail, to the prejudice of that wherein thou mightest have succeeded.

As in walking we do not care to strike the foot against a stone; so in life we shall proceed more securely, provided we do not injure or distort the judgment.

The wants of the body are the measure of its requirements; the foot needs but a shoe, and not a vesture of purple and gold. Abide by this, and it is well; but go beyond, and thou art hurried away.

Girls when they arrive at woman's estate, are quickly

courted by the men. Seeing this, their only care is how to enjoy the company of their admirers; whereunto they deck their persons, placing their hopes in gay attire. Let them know, however, that modesty, chastity, and prudence, are their best adornments.

It were folly to dwell on mere corporeal matters, eating, drinking, exercise, and the like. Attend to them, indeed, but let the soul be thy chiefest care.

When any one maligns or injures thee, recollect that this, perchance, appears proper to him. It is not to be expected that he should abide by thy convictions, but his own; if he arrive at false conclusions, the loss is his, not thine. Truth is not injured by being esteemed untruth, although he is so who thus esteems it. Thus armed, thou wilt readily put up with reproach—"thus it seemeth to thee," wilt thou reply to him who utters it?

Every thing has two handles, one to be laid hold of, the other not. Thy brother hath reviled thee; what then, is he not thy brother; was he not nourished at the same breast? Thus, wilt thou be able to render each occurrence tolerable.

As who should say, I am richer or more eloquent, therefore, better than thou. If richer, shouldst rather say, my possessions are more extensive—more eloquent, I have a greater command of words; but as to thyself, art neither one nor other.

Does any one hurry through his ablutions, say he hath done it hastily, not badly: does any one drink to excess, say that he drinks much, but do not style him a drunkard; for unless aware of his motives, thou canst not well affirm that he is wrong. 'Tis well to understand what comes before thee, ere thou dost assent.

Never affect the philosopher, nor discourse over much concerning thy formulas, before others. At a feast do not say how people should eat; shew them. Remember

how Socrates was opposed to all display? Some one having asked for a teacher, he gave them the information without reference to himself. So, in mixed assemblies where truths are discussed, hold thy peace lest thou shouldst utter what is ill digested. But if taxed with ignorance thou dost listen unmoved, mayest be certain thou hast already commenced the work. For herds do not bring fodder to the pastor to shew what they eat, but rather evince it by their milk and their wool; so do thou assert thy principles in deeds, not words.

'Tis enough if thou hast learned to live on a little; there need be no boasting. Dost drink water, 'tis well, there is no occasion to tell. The self-denial is to serve not others but thyself; just as, when athirst, thou dost decline the grateful fluid, without speaking of it to any one.

It is the stamp of the vulgar to set value on nothing but what is without; whereas, the wise man makes himself the only centre of praise or blame.

The signs of a proficient are to look down upon no one, to praise no one, to blame no one, to accuse no one, and not to assume that he is, or knows anything beyond another; when any difficulty or hindrance ensues, to look no further than himself; if any one praise, to smile; any one blame, to make no defence. He is like a convalescent who dreads a relapse. His desires are centred in his own soul; as for aversions he has none, save for things which may impede the right exercise of reason. His appetites are moderate, and it is alike to him whether he be styled foolish or ignorant. In a word, he watches himself as he would an enemy.

If any one take credit for understanding Chrysippus, thou mayest safely conclude, if Chrysippus were not obscure, there had been no room to boast. What is my object; to study nature and follow her. I ask an interpretor; Chrysippus is one, but when I come, I fail to

understand him. Where is the scope for vanity? I seek further, and having found an expositor, I make use of him. This is right, but if I merely admire the explanation, I am no better than a grammarian; and the more so, if any one ask me to explain Chrysippus; for should I not blush when my acts no longer conform to his precepts?

Observe the rule of life all the same as if the sanction were divine. Thou needst then care nothing for the comments of others, which indeed thou canst not control.

How long wilt thou put off the better part, and cease to violate the dictates of reason? Hast received the principles which demanded thy assent, for whom, then, dost wait, or how long wilt thou defer the purification of thy soul? Art no longer a youth but a grown man; if, therefore, indolent and dilatory, thou dost add delay to delay, intention to intention, never setting out on the task of reform, wilt never improve, but, living or dying, shalt continue one of the common herd. Now is the time to begin; resolve at once to be a man; whatever seemeth right to thee, abide by, as by a law that is not to be violated. And if anything painful or pleasurable, glorious or inglorious, threaten to ensue, remember that now the struggle begins, that this is the game of life; that thou canst not pause—must either fight and win, or yield and perish. Thus Socrates became the proficient he shewed himself, by coming forward on all occasions, and by listening to nothing which conscience did not approve. Thou art not indeed a Socrates, but live as if thou wouldst become one.

The first consideration is, how to abide by just principles—to utter no untruth; the second is, the evidence for these principles; the third, how this evidence should be laid down—what opposes, what supports—what is false, and what true, with regard to it. Now, the third is ne-

cessary to the second, the second to the first, though the first be the most important and indispensable of all. We act very differently, however, for we attend to the third, to the exclusion of the first, and, while we utter untruths, are ever ready to demonstrate why we should not utter them.

Let God and his providence be my only guides. Wherever these lead let me follow, promptly, willingly, and without constraint; for, willingly or unwillingly, I must still follow. But he who yields a cheerful assent is justly reckoned wise; his knowledge is indeed divine. "O Crito, if it please God, let it be so; Anytus and Melitus may take away my life, but they cannot injure my soul!"

SUMMARY.

SUMMARY OF CHRISTIAN MORALITY.

HAPPY are the humble, for to them will be the kingdom of heaven—happy the mourners, for they shall be comforted—happy the gentle, for they shall gain over the world—happy they who hunger and thirst after what is right, for they shall be satisfied—happy the merciful, for they too shall obtain mercy—happy the pure of heart, for they shall see God—happy the peace-makers, for they shall be named the children of God—happy they who are persecuted for what is right, for to them will be the kingdom of heaven.

Let your light so shine before men that they may behold your good works, and yield glory to your Father in heaven.

He that looketh upon a woman as desiring her, hath already committed evil with her in his heart.

I say unto you, swear not at all, but let your converse be "yea, yea, and nay, nay." To him who beseecheth, give; and from him who would borrow, turn not away. I say unto you, love your enemies; speak well of them who speak ill of you; do good by them who hate you, and pray for them who would persecute and injure you. Thus will you become children of God—of him who maketh the sun to shine on both good and bad, the rain to rain on the just and unjust. For if you only love those who love you where is your reward? Be perfect, then, even as your Father in heaven is perfect.

Bestow not thine alms before men, neither pray so as to be seen of men, otherwise thou hast no reward from thy Father in heaven. Sound no trumpet, then, in street or synagogue as hypocrites do; truly they shall have their reward. But when thou givest, do not suffer thy left hand to know what the right doeth; and when thou prayest, go into thy chamber, and pray to thy Father who seeth in secret, and who knoweth what thou hast need of, before thou dost ask:—"Father, who art in heaven, holy be thy name; thy kingdom come, and thy will be done on earth even as it is in heaven; give us bread day by day; forgive us what we owe, even as we forgive others; try us not beyond our strength, but deliver us from evil, for to thee are dominion, and power, and glory for evermore."

Forgive men their trespasses, and thy Father will also forgive thee; for if thou dost not forgive them, how can he forgive thee? Lay not up thy treasure on earth, for rust and decay to lay hold of, and thieves to break through and steal, but only in heaven, where there is neither rust nor decay, and where thieves do not break through and steal; for where the treasure is, there will the heart be also.

The light of man is the soul. If the light of the soul be pure, the whole man is lighted up, but if the soul be evil, the man is full of darkness. And if the light within be darkness, how great is that darkness.

No man can serve two lords, for he will hate one and love the other, so neither canst thou serve God and gold. Take no heed, then, as to what thou shalt eat, or what thou shalt drink, or what thou shalt put on; is not the soul of more account than food, the body than raiment? See, the birds of heaven sow not, neither do they reap, yet God nourisheth them: art not of more account than they? The lilies of the field they neither toil nor spin, yet Solomon, in his glory, was never arrayed like them. O thou

of little trust, will God take less heed for thee than for the grass which to-day is, but to morrow is consumed? Let food and clothing, then, be no care to thee, rather search after God and his providence: let the morrow care for itself, enough be the evil of to-day.

Pass no unjust judgment; for as ye judge, so shall ye be judged, and as ye measure, so shall it be meted back. Perceivest the mote in thy brother's eye, but dost not see it in thine own. O hypocrite, remove the mote from thine own eye, so shall thou see to cast it from thy brother's.

Ask, and it shall be given thee; seek, and thou shalt find; knock, and it shall be opened to thee. For who would give his child, requiring bread, a stone; or fish, a serpent? If then being evil, bestowest what is good upon thy children, how much more will God bestow what is good on those who ask him? Do unto others what thou wouldst they should do unto thee. Enter by the narrow gate, for narrow is the gate and straight the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be who find it.

Beware of false teachers who come to thee in guise of sheep, but inwardly are ravening wolves. Men do not gather grapes off thorns, or figs off thistles—thou shalt know them by their fruits. A tree that is good doth not bear bad fruit, nor one that is decayed good fruit, therefore, by their fruits shall ye know them.

Turn unto me, ye who labour and are oppressed, and I shall give you rest. Bear my yoke, and learn of me who am gentle and lowly of heart, and your souls shall find rest; for my yoke is easy and my burthen light.

A sower came and sowed his seed. Some fell by the road side, and birds came and ate it up; and some fell in rocky places where there was little soil, and it sprang up, but the sun came, and having no root it withered away; some also fell among thorns, which choked it; and some

into good soil, where it bore thirty, and sixty, and one hundred fold. He that hath ears to hear let him hear.

Not that which goeth into, but out of the mouth, soileth the man. For out of the mouth issue wicked thoughts, and slaughter, and unchasteness, and thefts, and false testimony, and all iniquity.

What shall it profit a man to gain the world and lose his soul, or what shall he give in exchange for his soul? Unless ye turn and become as children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. He who shall humble himself as a child shall be greatest in the midst. Suffer little children, then, to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such are the kingdom of heaven.

There is none good but God; keep the commands. Do not kill; commit no debauchery; steal not; bear no false witness; revere thy father and thy mother, also; love thy neighbour as thyself. Many that are first shall be last, and those last first: it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God.

Call no one on earth father, for thou hast but one Father, who is in the heavens. Whoever raiseth himself shall be lowered, and whoever lowereth himself shall be exalted. Woe to ye, sophists, hypocrites, ye close the kingdom of heaven, and neither enter nor suffer others to do so. Ye devour the houses of widows, making a long prayer—the greater be your condemnation. Ye compass land and sea to make a proselyte, and then render him a greater child of evil than yourselves. Ye give the tenth of mint, and cumin, and anise, but omit the weightier law of justice and mercy, and faith. This, ye should have done; that, ye should not have done. Blind guides, who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel; who make clean the outside of the drinking-cup, while the inside is full of

extortion and guile: sepulchres, fair without, but dead bones and all uncleanness within. Just are ye before men, hypocrites and sinners unseen; serpents, vipers, how shall ye escape the judgment to come?

I was hungry, and ye gave me food; athirst, and ye gave me drink; naked, and ye clothed me; sick, and ye comforted me; in prison, and ye visited me.

There is but one God, and thou shalt love him with all thy heart, all thy soul, all thy mind, and all thy strength. This is the first commandment; the second is, thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself: greater there is none.

Watch and pray, lest ye be brought into trial; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

Love thine enemies, do good and lend, hoping for no return, and great shall be your reward.

When thou makest a feast, invite neither friends, nor relatives, nor wealthy neighbours, who will ask thee in return; rather invite the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind: they cannot, indeed, reward thee, but thou hast thy recompense again.

There is more joy in heaven over one sinner who repenteth, than over ninety-nine just, who need no repentance.

If thy brother err, shew him aright; and if he repent, were it seven times in a day, forgive him.

He who doeth evil hateth the light, neither doth he repair to the light, lest his deeds be reproved; but he whose deeds are according to the truth, cometh to the light, that it may be seen they are according to God.

God is a spirit, and they who worship him must worship in spirit and in truth.

God, the lord of heaven and earth, created the world and all things therein. He doth not dwell in temples made with human hands, neither needeth he adoration by human hands, seeing that life, and spirit, and all things

are his. Hath he not made of one blood every people on earth, that they might seek the Lord, if indeed they desired it, and might find him, for he is not far off? In him is life and motion and being, for, as the poets have said, we are his children. And being the offspring of the Almighty, we should not liken him to gold, or silver, or stone, graven by human art and man's device.

'Tis happier far to give than to receive.

Thou, O man, who judgest, art without excuse, for in that thou judgest another, art thyself guilty. We know that God judgeth according to the truth; how long wilt thou despise his rich forbearance, his goodness? He will render to every one according to his works: to those who by patient well-doing, seek honour, glory, and immortality—eternal life; but to the contentious, who obey injustice, not truth—anger and indignation: grief and despair, then, be upon those who persist in evil, for there is no respect of persons before God.

Thou who teachest another wilt thou not teach thyself?

Trouble worketh patience, patience experience, experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, through the goodness of God, poured by his holy spirit on our hearts.

Let not sin rule thy perishable frame, that thou shouldst obey its dictates; neither yield thy limbs as instruments of injustice, but devote thyself to God as one rescued from the dead.

The law is holy, the commandments holy, just, and true. We know that the law is of the spirit, but I am of the flesh committed to error. For that which I do, I would not; what I wish, I do not; I will, but do not perform. Yet shall I give myself up to God in my heart, he shall relieve me from this bodily death.

They that are given to the flesh take heed to the things of the flesh; they that are of the spirit to the things of the spirit. For to live in the flesh, is death and enmity

to God; in the spirit, life and peace. So, therefore, if ye be given up to the body ye shall die, but if ye conquer the body by the spirit ye shall live. For they who are led by the spirit are the children of God, and the spirit beareth witness with our spirit that we are his children. The sufferings of time are not to be compared with the glories of eternity; there the creature shall be freed from the slavery of the flesh, unto the glorious freedom of the children of God. For we are saved by hope, even the hope of things unseen. And the spirit aids us in our weakness, uttering groans without words. For I am convinced, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor dominions, nor powers, nor things that are, nor things that shall be, nor heighth, nor depth, nor any creature, shall be able to sever us from the love of God.

Who art thou, O man, who putteth questions unto God; shall the thing that is made say to him that made it—why hast thou framed me so?

Beautiful are the feet of those who preach peace, of those who bring tidings of good.

O the deep wealth of the wisdom and knowledge of God; how unsearchable his decisions, how past finding out his ways. Who knoweth his mind, who hath been admitted to his counsel? From him, and of him, and to him, are all things—glory to him for evermore.

Let every man think moderately of himself. Let him that giveth, do it with simplicity—that ruleth, do it with diligence, mercy, cheerfulness. Let love be without deceit; abhor what is bad; stick fast by what is good. Love as brothers; yield honour to each other; be earnest in business; zealous in spirit; serving the occasion; rejoicing in hope; patient in trouble; instant in prayer; ministering to the necessities of the virtuous and the stranger. Bless them that persecute ye; rejoice with them that rejoice; weep with them that mourn; be gentle with each

other. Do not follow after the exalted; be lowly with the lowly, nor esteem thyself over wise. Return not evil for evil; provide what is fit and proper, and, if it be possible, live at peace with all men. Revenge not: therefore if thy enemy be hungry, nourish him; if thirsty, give him to drink. Do not suffer evil to subdue thee, but rather overcome evil with good.

Pay just submission to thy rulers; power comes through the sufferance of God, and those who rule do not oppose good doers but evil. Render then to others their due—tribute, custom, honour, fear. Owe no man anything, save love alone, for he that loveth fulfilleth the law. Love worketh no ill, therefore is love the foundation of the law. Sleep no more, for safety is at hand. The night is far spent and the day draweth nigh; let us, then, abandon the works of darkness, and put on the armour of light.

This man esteems one day above another, this man every day alike. Let every one be convinced in his own mind. He that regardeth the day regardeth it unto God, and he that doth not regard the day unto God, regardeth it not at all. None of us liveth unto himself, nor doth any one die unto himself; for whether we live or whether we die, it is alike unto God. Yes, every knee shall bend before God, and every tongue confess him. Let us not judge one another, nor place a stumbling-block in our brother's path, for, as Jesus hath said, there is nothing unclean in itself. The kingdom of God is not meat or drink, but justice and peace in his holy spirit. Let us who are strong assist the weak, and not merely ourselves. May the God of patience and consolation grant us to be even-minded with one another, even as Christ was; may the God of hope fill us with joy and peace in faith, that, through his holy spirit we may be hopeful; may the God of peace be with us all, and to the only wise God be glory for evermore.

The preaching of the cross to them that perish is foolishness, but to those who are saved, it is the might of God. For it is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and bring to naught the prudence of the prudent. Where is the wise man, the writer, the disputer on the universe? God hath rendered foolish the wisdom of the world; he hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and things that are weak to confound the strong.

No, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived, the things which God hath prepared for those that love him. But God hath declared them to us by his spirit, for the spirit searcheth into all things, even the depths of God. For what know we of man save through his spirit, or of God, save through the spirit of God. The natural man receiveth not the spirit of God, which is as foolishness to him; nor can he know it, for it is spiritually discerned. He that planteth and he that watereth are one; God giveth the increase; every one shall be rewarded according to his works.

If any one pollute the temple of God he shall be destroyed, for the temple of God is holy, and ye are that temple. Let no one be deceived; if any one seem wise as regards the present, let him become foolish that he may be wise. For worldly wisdom is folly with God; he overtaketh the wise in their craft, he knoweth that their thoughts are foolishness. Let no one glory in men, for all is yours; and whether it be Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, all is yours, you are Christ's, and Christ's is God's.

Neither the unjust, nor the unchaste, nor the effeminate, nor the dishonest, nor the greedy, nor the covetous, nor the drunken, nor the scornful, shall inherit the kingdom of God. All things are lawful to me, but all are not expedient; all things are lawful, but I shall not submit to

their control. Avoid all unchasteness, for he who is unchaste sinneth against his body. Know you not, that your body is the temple of the holy spirit, which ye have of God, and that ye are not your own. Ye are bought at a price, therefore glorify God in your body and your spirit, which are God's.

To be chaste is best, nevertheless, to avoid unchastity, let every one have a wife of his own, and every wife her own husband. Let the man be helpful and gentle to his wife, the woman to her husband. For life is short, and they who have wives shall be as if they had none; those that weep as if they wept not; those that rejoice as though they did not rejoice; those that buy as though they bought not.

They who strive in the circus do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible.

Being children, we spoke, and thought, and understood as children, but as men let us put away childish things. Now we see as through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now we know in part, but then shall we know even as we are known. Faith, and hope, and love, yet remain, but love is the greatest of the three.

Let us pray with the spirit, but also with the understanding; let us pray with the understanding, but also with the heart.

Be in malice as children, in understanding men.

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death; for what is corruptible must become incorruptible, and what is mortal put on immortality, that it may be said, death is swallowed up in life—then death where were thy sting, where grave thy victory?

We know that if our earthly dwelling be dissolved, we have one with God, not built with hands, in the eternal heavens. For this we sigh, desiring to be clothed with that eternal house.

God is a spirit, and where the spirit is shall be victory.

When any one turns unto Christ, he hath become a different creature; old things have passed away, all has become new.

In all things let us be servants of God—in patience, afflictions, necessities, distress, as in strokes, imprisonment, tumult, labour, watchings, fasting; through purity, knowledge, patience, charity, and the Holy Spirit, with love unfeigned; the word of truth as the might of God; armed with justice on the right hand as on the left; through fame and infamy, good report and ill, as deceivers, yet true.

For the law is fulfilled even in one word, thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. Walk in the spirit, so shalt thou not fulfil the desires of the flesh; for the flesh desireth according to the flesh, the spirit according to the spirit: now these oppose each other, so that thou canst not do as thou wouldst. For the fruits of the flesh are uncleanness, hatred, murder, drunkenness, unchasteness; but those of the spirit, peace, love, joy, patience, goodness, faith, temperance, meekness. They who are Christ's have crucified the flesh, its lusts and desires; now, if we live in the spirit, let us also walk in it.

Brothers, if any one be faulty, let him who is spiritually minded reprove him gently; thou also mayest be tempted. Bear each others' burthens, and so fulfil the rule of Christ. For if a man think highly of himself, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself. Let every one approve his own work, and then shall he be able to rejoice in himself, if not in another. Wander no more, God derideth not; whatever a man sow, the same shall he reap. He who soweth unto the flesh shall reap corruption, unto the spirit, life eternal. Let us not weary in well-doing; when the time cometh, we shall reap the fruits and fail not. Let us, therefore, while we can, do good to all men.

There is one body and one spirit, one Lord and Father of all. Let us be children no more, wafted about by every opinion, at the mercy of those who lie in wait to deceive.

Put off the former man corrupted by evil desires, and be renewed in soul and spirit, putting on the new man holy and just according to God. Therefore abandon what is false, and declare the truth unto thy neighbour. Let him that stole steal no more, but rather labour with his hands, that he may have what he requireth. Let no word of defilement issue from your lips, but only that which may yield instruction and profit to the hearers. Grieve not the holy spirit of God, whereby you are sealed unto purification. Put away anger, wrath, bitterness, with all clamour, evil-speaking, and malice; and be ye kind, gentle, and forgiving one to another, through the charity of God in Christ.

Abide in love, as Christ hath commanded. Let no unchaste word be so much as named among ye; rather give thanks, for no unchaste or unclean person, no covetous one, no image-worshipper can enter the kingdom of God.

Obey your parents in God, for this is right; and ye parents provoke not your children to anger, but bring them up in the knowledge and worship of God. Servants obey your masters in the flesh, not with eye-service, but from the heart; and masters do what is right by your servants without threats. Put on the armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand the deceiver and spiritual depravity in high places.

If there be any consolation in Christ, any comfort in the love and fellowship of the Spirit, any bowels of mercy, realize this joy, that ye be of one love, one accord, one mind. Let nothing be done through strife or vain-glory, but let each one esteem himself, in all humility, inferior to another.

Be anxious about nothing, but with prayer and suppli-

cation let your wants be thankfully made known unto God; and the peace of God, which no mind can fathom, keep your hearts and souls in Christ.

Let thine affections rest on things above, and not on those of earth. Avoid unchasteness, passion, foul desires, and covetousness, and with them put off anger, hatred, malice, and all evil utterance. Clothe thyself as the chosen of God, the holy, the beloved, with bowels of mercy, kindness, gentleness, tolerance, patience. Be merciful and forbearing one to another, and above all, charitable; let the peace of God rule your hearts, and the words of Christ incline you to wisdom. Wives obey your husbands, husbands love your wives, children hearken to your parents, fathers do not unduly humiliate your children, servants submit to your lords; he who doeth wrong shall receive his reward.

And this is the will of God that thou dost refrain from unchasteness, holding the body in honour and not burning with foul desire, even as those who know not God. Let no one defraud his brother: for God hath not called us to uncleanness, but to holiness; he therefore who contemneth, contemneth not man but God, who hath given us his blessed spirit, and instructed us to love one another.

Warn the unruly, comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, be patient with all. Return not evil for evil, do only what is good, rejoice ever, quench not the spirit, pray unceasingly, be thankful for all things, prove all things, abide by what is just, shun the very semblance of evil, and may the God of peace purify us all.

Now the commandment is to love with a pure heart, a good conscience, and without hypocrisy. Yet some have turned aside, desiring to be teachers of the law; they know not what they do.

Put away old tales exercising thyself unto piety; this

indeed profiteth both as concerns the life that is, and that which is to come.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we shall take nothing away. Having food and garments, 'tis enough; but the rich fall into temptations and foolish desires to their own destruction; for the love of money is the root of all evil—causes wandering from the faith, and many a care. But O man after God, fly these things, and seek justice, piety, faith, love, patience, gentleness; fight the good fight of faith and lay hold on eternal life. To the only blessed God, King of kings, Lord of lords, existing in unapproachable light from all eternity, whom no man hath seen or can see, be honour and glory for evermore. Let not the rich then be elated, or confide in their uncertain wealth, but only in the God of life, who hath so munificently enabled us to enjoy. Let them be instant in good works, ready to give away, full of kind offices, laying a foundation for eternal life.

Let old men be sober, wise, temperate, charitable; let aged women be given to holiness, and let them instruct the young to love their husbands and their children.

Speak no evil; fight not, but be gentle and kind; for it is not by our just works, but by God's mercy through his holy spirit, that we are saved. Let those who believe, do what is right.

Some are as sucking babes, unskilled in words of righteousness, but strong meat becometh men, whose reason suffices to discern between good and ill.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen. Through it we understand that worlds were made by God, and not of what is seen. Without it how can we please God; for he that goeth to God must believe that he is, and that he will reward those who seek him.

God chasteneth whom he loveth and receiveth. He

dealeth with you as a father by his children, otherwise ye are not his, but strangers. If we revere the correction of our fathers in the flesh, how much more should we those of the Father of spirits and of life? No chastening is joyous at the time, but grievous; afterwards it yieldeth fruits of peace and righteousness to those who are exercised therein. Make straight, then, the drooping hands and the feeble knee.

Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no one shall see the Lord. Be not as Esau, who for a morsel of food sold his inheritance; for when he would afterwards have secured the blessing, he was rejected, though he repented with many tears.

Let brotherly love remain; be hospitable and kind, for some have thereby entertained angels unawares.

Brothers, count it as joy when ye fall into trials, so that faith and patience may be wrought out thereby. If any one seek wisdom, God shall give it to him, for he is liberal to all men. Be steady in belief, for he that wanders is like the foam of the sea tossed to and fro'. Happy is he who overcomes temptation, for he shall receive the crown of life which God has promised. Let no one say he is tried of God, but through his own desires; for evil desires bring forth error, and error death. Brothers, wander no more; every good and perfect gift cometh from above, from the Father of light, with whom there is no changeableness or shadow of turning. Wherefore, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, and slower still to anger, for man's anger worketh not the justice of God. Do as well as hear, like him who looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and who is blessed in that he does. He who bridleth not his tongue is deceived in his heart, his religion is vain. Pure, undefiled religion before God our Father, is to visit the orphan and widow in their trouble, and be unpolluted by the world.

What doth it profit if a man say he have faith and have not works—will faith save him? If sister or brother be naked and hungry and ye say unto him, depart in peace, be warmed, be filled, and minister not, what doth it serve? Even so, faith without works is dead. For as the body without the spirit is dead, so is faith without works.

The horse is governed by the bit, the ship by the helm; beast, bird, and serpent are tamed; not so the tongue, which no man can tame, and which is a deadly poison. We bless God therewith that we curse man, who is made after the image of God; yet blessings and curses should not issue from the same mouth. Doth a fountain send forth bitter waters and sweet? He that is wise, let him shew wisdom by his works. If ye bear strife and envyings in your hearts, it is not from heaven but earth, sensual, devilish. But the wisdom from above is pure, gentle, merciful, full of good fruits, without hypocrisy.

Whence come warring and fighting—whence but from evil desires? Ye desire, but have not; ye will, but do not obtain; ye war and ye fight, but have not, for ye do not ask. Know ye not, oh ye unchaste, that the friendship of the world is enmity with God: whoso desireth the one is at variance with the other. Submit then to God; resist the devil, and he will flee you. Humble yourselves in the sight of God, and he will raise you up. Speak not evil of one another; there is but one lawgiver, who is able to save and to destroy; who art thou that judgest another? Go to now who say, to-morrow we shall repair to the city, and buy and sell for gain. Who knoweth what the morrow may befal; for what is life, a little vapour that appeareth for a space, then vanisheth away.

Be loving towards one another, for love covereth a multitude of sins. Be hospitable without grumbling, sober and watchful, for the enemy goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour.

God hath given us all things needful to a holy life; therefore, having escaped the lusts of the world, try and share the divine nature. To faith add virtue, to virtue knowledge, to knowledge temperance, to temperance patience, to patience piety.

If we say we have no sin, we wander, and the truth is not in us; but if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just, and will forgive us our sins, and cleanse us from all iniquity.

Love not the world, nor the things of the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him, for the world passeth away and the desire thereof; but he who doèth the will of God abideth for ever.

Children let no one deceive you; he who is just, doeth what is just. He who hath of the world's goods, and shutteth up his bowels against his brother who hath none, how can the love of God be in him? Little children let us love in word and deed; beloved let us love one another, for this is of God, and he who loveth is born of God and knoweth him. For if he so loved us, shall we not love one another. There is no fear in love, for perfect love casteth out fear. If a man say he loves God and hateth his brother, he is a liar; he who loveth God, loveth his brother also.

I am Alpha and Omega, sayeth God—the beginning and the end, the first and the last. To him that is athirst, I shall give of the fountain of the waters of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things; I will be his God, and he shall be my son!

Behold the house of God is with men, and they shall dwell with him, and be his people; and God himself shall dwell with them and be their God. And he shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, nor any sorrow nor mourning, neither shall there be any more pain, for former things are passed away.

That new city hath no temple in it, for God is the temple thereof; neither is there any need of the sun nor of the moon, for the glory of God is the light thereof. Blessed are they who do his commands, that they may have access to the tree of life, and enter in at the gates of the city.

THE END.

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